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136th Year

1809 1909

ADDRESS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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THE AMETHYST CROSS

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Two Girls and Their Troubles Over One Man

by W. Fergus Hume

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB" AND OTHER NOTED DETECTIVE STORIES.

SYNOPSIS: George Walker, a poor but well-born young Englishman, falls in love with Leslie Hale, and in token of their engagement receives from her an amethyst cross of mysterious origin. Her father is terribly angered when he finds the lass given it away, and declares the engagement must be broken unless the recovered it. Walker is waylaid, and the cross is taken from his room. Hale refuses consent to the marriage unless he recovered it. And his mother also manifests unyielding opposition to the match.

While giving a house party at his Henley mansion, Tait, a stock broker, whose niece, Maud Ellis, is in love with George Walker, is robbed of valuable jewels.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY.)

CHAPTER VIII

Disgraced.

THERE was very little sleep for any one during the remaining hours of darkness, and after breakfast—an unusually dismal meal—the guests one and all showed a desire to get away from their host.

Mr. Tait certainly was not unhappy, since he had achieved a great a loss and provoked the ire of his guests, yet he did not behave a gentleman, he could not control his temper, and made blunders at a specially disagreeable date that even he wanted to leave forthwith. But until the police had made inquiries, it was impossible for either man or woman to depart without leave of the magnate.

The original plot, whether made by the man, were unknown, and the ladies scattered. But no longer the Henley mansion was a place of pleasant diversion, upon which account the guests were all anxious to depart.

The police duly arrived, and searched the gardens and the premises, but no trace could they find of the thieves. George stuck persistently to his story, which, as he was a gentleman, the police had to accept. Mr. Tait was in a fearful rage, and said to the chief, "And I was the fool enough—this week exchequer—which made Mr. Walker's fortune, and I lend him the money to pay his debts and set him up in business."

"What has my being a partner to do with your losses?" asked George, who was in a fearful rage.

"Everything, sir, everything," said Tait, with his little pig eyes. "My losses are worth £10,000, he received—"

"Don't say it, sir, don't say it," interrupted his wife, and George, seeing that, for the realizing his employer's obligations, he had better leave the room.

"I have seen to it that he shall pay back every penny," said Tait, with a sneer, "and I shall be sure to watch the thieves, and I shall be sure to get back my money."

"Is Walker one of the people your conduct is suspicious," prompted his wife, with a sneer.

"I made nothing of the sort."

"Then you should be more careful, because after every one in the house knows it, you have made a fool of yourself before the servants."

"I don't care two pence for the servants without discipline—I have employed them, and I know what they are capable of, and I care for no people." "I was willing to pay for, and on hearing of the loss of the jewels, I said to myself, I will be even with the thieves, and I will be even with Walker."

"I tell you again that I don't excuse you," vociferated the lady, "and I don't excuse you for your behavior to George."

"Why, what have I done?"

"Do you think I have asked?"

"Perhaps you have, but I should like to know what I have done, so I should not have been in time to do the thing again."

"Do you do nothing else but insult people, and make a fool of yourself?" he asked Tait sharply. "If there is any one who is a fool, it is you, and I wish I had married a man who was a gentleman, instead of a vulgar, ill-bred, ill-mannered, ill-tempered, ill-natured, ill-conditioned, ill-everything, and I wish I had married a man who was a gentleman, I don't care how poor he was, so long as he was a gentleman." "Why, what do you mean?" he said, with a sneer. "Do you think I don't excuse you?"

LINCOLN AS SEEN BY THE MEN OF HIS TIME.

SIDELIGHTS ON HIS CHARACTER AND PRAISE FOR HIS WORTH.

IT IS when a man has completed his work, performed his sacrifices and answered the last roll-call that those who knew him can view, in its true perspective, the value and measure of his life.

When Abraham Lincoln died and his name was emblazoned in the book of the world's martyrs, those who had known him intimately as friends or in official association gave to the public word pictures of the great President as each one saw him. Although in some ways their conceptions differed, upon one point they were unanimous—all proclaimed him one of the most just, most humane, most kindly, most intrinsically honest men that ever lived.

"The measure of a man's life," declared Plutarch, "is the well-spending of it, and not the length." Abraham Lincoln's life was snapped like a golden thread by a ruthless hand, yet all who knew him believed that he had fulfilled his destiny. They sang panegyrics over his flower-strewn grave as had rarely been sung before over any man, and he who had been most criticised became most praised.

IN AFTER years, when the great figure of Lincoln looms above the nation's horizon, majestic, gigantic, and time weaves its halo about one who was purely human, the word pictures of the man painted by the men of his time will gain additional value and interest.

They show us the man as he was; give us a glimpse into his heart; reveal to us his nature, his sentiments, his manner, his kindliness, his humanity.

Full of praise they are—but they came for Lincoln, as for most men, after his death.

Lincoln's biographers have exhausted minutiae and anecdote in their endeavors to depict him with the adequacy demanded by contemporary interest. Yet the frank admissions of two of them show how the mystery, which defied analysis, had already enveloped him when his earliest biographers essayed their tasks.

It was very shortly after Lincoln's death that Dr. J. G. Holland went to Illinois and there devoted a long period to an exhaustive labor, among those who best knew Lincoln, designed to elicit every detail that would portray the man as they knew him.

The resume given by Dr. Holland is at once the most illuminating and most baffling that has been presented in any study of a historical figure; some salient passages are well worth quoting:

He rarely showed more than one aspect of himself to one man. The men who knew him through all his professional and political life offered opinions as diametrically opposite as these:

He was a very ambitious man, he was without a particle of ambition.

He was one of the saddest men who ever lived; he was one of the jolliest men who ever lived.

He was very religious, but not a Christian, he was a Christian but did not know it, he was so far from being a religious man or a Christian, that 'the less said on the subject,' the better.

He was the most cunning man in America; he had not a particle of cunning in him.

He was a witty man; he was only a retailer of the wit of others.

He was a boor, he was in all respects a gentleman.

He had the strongest personal attachments, he had no personal attachments—only general good feeling toward everybody.

He was a leader of the people; he was always led by the people.

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Mr. William H. Herndon, for twenty years Lincoln's law partner, has left a minute description of his partner's appearance—perhaps the best for its strict portraiture in detail:

W. H. Herndon, Lincoln's Law Partner

"Mr. Lincoln was six feet four inches high," he says, "and when he left his home for Washington he was 51 years old, having good health and no gray hairs, or but few, on his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, raw boned; thin through the breast to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward. His usual weight was 180 pounds.

"His structure was loose and leathery; he had dark skin, dark hair and looked woe-struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, as if it needed oiling. Physically, he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease 400 and, in one case, 600 pounds. When he walked, he moved cautiously, but firmly; his long arms and giant hands swung down by his side. His legs and arms were abnormally long, and in undue proportion to the remainder of his body. It was only when he stood up that he loomed above other men.

"He was not a pretty man by any means, nor was he an ugly one; he was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain-looking, plain-acting. He had no pomp, display or dignity so-called. He was a sad-looking man, his melancholy dripped from him as he walked.

"Mr. Lincoln's perceptions were slow, cold, clear and exact. He saw all things through a perfect mental lens. He crushed the unreal, the inexact, the hollow, and the sham.

"In debate he courteously granted all the forms and non-essential things to his opponent. Sometimes he yielded nine points out of ten. The nine he brushed aside as husks or rubbish, but the tenth, being a question of substance, he clung to with all his might. Ask him to sacrifice in the slightest degree his convictions of truth, and his soul would have exclaimed with indignant scorn: 'The world perish first!'"

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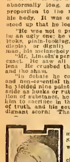

E. B. Washburn

Elihu B. Washburn, who first met Lincoln when he attended the Supreme Court at Springfield, wrote:

"He was a man of the most social disposition, and was never so happy as when surrounded by congenial friends. His penchant for story-telling is well known, and he was more happy in that line than any man I ever knew. But many stories have been invented and attributed to him that he never heard of.

"Never shall I forget him as he appeared almost every evening in the court room, sitting in a cane-bottom chair leaning up against the partition, his feet on a round of the chair, surrounded by many listeners.

"He never pressed his stories on unwilling ears, nor endeavored to absorb all attention to himself. But his anecdotes were all so droll, so original, so appropriate and so illustrative of passing incidents that one never wearied. He never repeated a story or an anecdote, nor vexed the dull ears of a drowsy man by thrice-told tales; and he enjoyed a good story from another as much as any person.

"Mr. Lincoln was universally popular with his associates. Of an even temper, he had a simplicity and charm of manner which took hold at once with all persons with whom he came in contact. He was of the most amiable disposition, and not given to speak unkindly of any person, but quick to discover any weak points a person might have. He was always the center of attraction in the court room at the evening gatherings, and all felt there was a great void when, for any reason he was kept away."

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George S. Boutwell

George S. Boutwell, once secretary of the treasury, wrote: "In these days, when politicians and parties are odious to many thoughtful and earnest minded persons, it may not be amiss to look at Mr. Lincoln as a politician and partisan.

"These he was, first of all and always. He had political convictions that were inexorable, and they were wholly partisan. As the rebellion became formidable, the Republican party became the party of the Union; and as the party of the Union, with Mr. Lincoln at its head, it was from first to last the only political organization in the country that consistently, persistently and without qualification of purpose met, and in the end successfully met, every demand of the enemies of the government, whether preferred in diplomatic notes or on the field of battle.

"He struggled first for the Union, and then for the overthrow of slavery as the only formidable enemy of the Union. These were his tests of political fellowship, and he carefully excluded from place every man who could not bear them.

"Lincoln accepted the great and most manifest lesson of free government, that every free and vigorous administration represents the majority party, and that the best days of any free country are those days when a party takes and wields power by a popular verdict, and guards itself at every step against the assaults of a scrutinizing and vigorous opposition.

"He accepted the essential truths that a free government is a political organization, and that the political opinions of those intrusted with its administration, as to what the government should be and do, are of more consequence to the country than even their knowledge of orthography and etymology.

"As a consequence, he accepted the proposition that every place of executive discretion or of eminent administrative power should be occupied by the friends of the government.

"This, not because the spoils belong to the victors, but for the elevated and sufficient reason that the chief offices of state are instrumentalities and agencies by which the majority carry out their principles, perfect their measures and render their policy acceptable to the country. And also for the further reason that in case of failure the administration is without excuse.

"In prosecuting the war for the Union, in the steps taken for the emancipation of the slaves, Mr. Lincoln appeared to follow rather than to lead the Republican party. But his own views were more advanced, usually, than those of his party, and he waited patiently and confidently for the healthy movements of public sentiment which he well knew were in the right direction."

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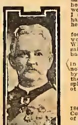

Gen. Wesley Merritt

Wesley Merritt, brevet major general, wrote: "History furnishes scarcely a parallel to the character of this greatest of reformers. The love of power has produced wise despots, who have endured a life of earnest labor, full of privations, for the sake of innovation and improvement. Icabods have lived miserable lives, or suffered infamous deaths for an idea involving improvement, but the motive in both cases is rather personal than general.

"The rule with mankind as practiced in politics and religion, is conservation. In the face of opposition and struggle, we shrink from responsibilities, and content ourselves with contracting the sphere of intended reforms to our immediate surroundings.

"As his career differed from that of many other heroes of history, in that he lived and strove for reforms that would benefit mankind, though his own life should be the price, in so far is Abraham Lincoln the greatest of reformers—the noblest of patriots—the bravest of men."

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J. P. Usher, ex-secretary of the interior, wrote: "Mr. Lincoln's greatness was founded upon his devotion to truth, his humanity and his innate sense of justice to all.

"In his career as a lawyer, he traversed a wide range of territory in Illinois; he attended many courts and had many professional engagements, some remunerative and others not. In all his conflicts at the bar, wherein it may be said he was successful in every case that he ought to have been, he never inflicted an unnecessary wound upon an adversary, and no one ever thought of using a rough word to him.

"He was never known to rebuke any one for impertinence, profanity or other violations of social duty. While he professed nothing in these respects, people did not drink immoderately in his presence, neither were they vulgar nor profane.

"When he appeared, every one seemed to be happy; they wanted to hear him talk, he always had something to say that would amuse or instruct them—something that they had not heard before. He argued great cases, in which principle and property were involved, logically and with wonderful ability. Trifling causes he met with ridicule and often by an anecdote, in the use of which he was unsurpassed; the cause would be abandoned in a gale of merriment, the losing party being neither provoked nor angry.

"A man endowed with such qualities was bound to be a successful politician; and if he turned his attention in that direction, none who knew him could doubt upon which side he would be, or with which party he would unite. He was a Whig because he believed the principles of that party best conduced to the welfare of his fellow-man.

"He believed that the true principles of government were those which Henry Clay advocated. He believed in the protection of American industries. He believed that the slavery of men was wrong in principle and impossible of justification, and he held in profound veneration and respect the founders of the state of Illinois, who had, by constitutional provision, forever prevented the existence of that institution in the state.

"Persons may have fallen into the error of supposing that he was dejected or discouraged, from his appearance in repose. When not engaged in conversation his countenance wore a sad expression, but that was no index of the operation of his mind. Chief among his great characteristics were his gentleness and humanity, and yet he did not hesitate promptly to approve of the sentences of Kennedy and Beall.

"During the entire war there are few other evidences to be found of a willingness on his part that any one should suffer the penalty of death. His great effort seemed to be to find some excuse, some palliation of offenses charged. He strove at all times to relieve the citizens on both sides of the inconveniences and hardships resulting from the war."

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Among those who wrote one of the most intimate tributes was Joshua F. Speed, who knew Lincoln when he began practicing law in Springfield. Mr. Speed's tribute, in part, was:

Joshua F. Speed

"For me to have lived to see such a man rise from point to point, and from place to place, filling all the places to which he was called with honor and distinction, until he reached the presidency, filling the presidential chair in the most trying time that any ruler ever had, seems to me more like fiction than fact.

"None but a genuine genius like his could have accomplished so much; and none but a government like ours could have produced such a man. It gave the young eagle scope for his wings; he tried it, and soared to the top.

"In 1839 Mr. Lincoln, being then a lawyer in full practice, attended the courts adjacent to Springfield. He was attending court, I remember, at Christiansburg, about thirty miles distant. I was there when the court broke up; quite a number of lawyers were coming from that place to Springfield. We were riding along a country road, two and two together, some distance apart, Lincoln and John J. Hardin being behind (Hardin was afterward made colonel and was killed at Buena Vista).

"We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and crabapple trees, where we stopped to water our horses. After waiting some time Hardin came up and we asked where Lincoln was. 'Oh,' said he, 'when I saw him last he had caught two little birds in his hand, which the wind had blown from their nest, and he was hunting for the nest.'

"Hardin left him before he found it. He finally found the nest and placed the birds, to use his own words, 'in the home provided for them by the mother.' When he came up with the party they laughed at him; said he, earnestly: 'I could not have slept tonight if I had not given those two little birds to their mother.'

"This was the flower that bloomed so beautifully in his nature on his native prairies. He never lost the nobility of his nature, nor the kindness of his heart, by being removed to a higher sphere of action. On the contrary, both were increased. The enlarged sphere of his action developed the mutual promptings of his heart."

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His Fame Really Began at his Death-Bed.

FROM STEEL ENGRAVING BY RITCHIE, OWNED BY MAJ W.H LAMBERT OF PHILADELPHIA

George W. Julian, who first met Mr. Lincoln in 1861 at Springfield—Mr. Julian was a Member-elect of Congress—describes his second impression on the day of the inauguration.

"He entered the Senate chamber arm-in-arm with Mr. Buchanan. The latter was withered and bowed with age that, in contrast with the towering form of his successor, he seemed little more than half a man. Public curiosity to see the President-elect reached its climax as he made his appearance on the east portico of the Capitol.

"All sorts of stories had been told and were believed about his personal appearance. His character had been grossly misrepresented and maligned in both sections of the Union, and the critical condition of the country naturally whetted the appetite of the men of all parties to see and hear the man who was now the central figure of the republic.

"The tone of moderation, tenderness and good will which breathed through his inaugural speech made a profound impression in his favor, while his voice, though not very strong or full toned, rang over the acres of people before him with surprising distinctness.

"The pressure for office during the first few months of his administration was utterly unprecedented and beggared all description. It was a sort of epidemic, and Mr. Lincoln at times was appalled by it. It gave him no pause, but pursued him remorselessly night and day, and there were moments when his face was the picture of an indescribable weariness and despair. It jarred upon his sentiment of patriotism, when the country was just entering upon the awful struggle for its life and seemed to make him sick at heart.

"No picture of Abraham Lincoln which leaves out his private life can do him justice. Every lineament of his grand public career should have the setting of his rare personal worth. In all the qualities that go to make up character, he was a thoroughly genuine man. His sense of justice was perfect and ever present. His integrity was second only to that of Washington, and his ambition as stainless. His sympathy for the unfortunate and the downtrodden earned for him the fitting title of 'Father Abraham' and made him the idol of the common people."

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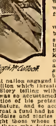

Hugh McCulloch

Hugh McCulloch, at one time secretary of the treasury: "The more I saw of Mr. Lincoln, the higher became my admiration for his ability and his character. Before I went to Washington, and for a short period after, I doubted both his nerve and his statesmanship; but a closer observation relieved me of these doubts, and before he met his death I had come to the conclusion that he was a man of will, of energy, of well-balanced mind and wonderful sagacity.

"His practice of story telling when the government seemed to be in imminent peril, and the sublimest events were transpiring, surprised, if it did not sometimes disgust, those who did not know him well; but it indicated on his part no want of a proper appreciation of the terrible responsibility which rested upon him as the chief magistrate of a great nation engaged in the suppression of a desperate rebellion which threatened its overthrow.

"Story telling with him was more than a habit. He was so accustomed to it in social life, and in the practice of his profession, that it became a part of his nature, and so accurate was his recollection, and so great a fund had he at command, that he had always anecdotes and stories to illustrate his arguments and delight those whose tastes were similar to his own. But those who judged from this trait that he lacked deep feeling or sound judgment, or a proper sense of the responsibility of his position, had no just appreciation of his character.

"He possessed all these qualities in an eminent degree. It was true of him, as it is true of all really noble and good men, that those who knew him best had the highest admiration for him. He was not a man of genius, but he possessed, in a large degree, what is far more valuable in a public man—excellent common sense.

"Lincoln did not undertake to direct public opinion, but no man understood better the leadings of the popular will or the beating of the popular heart. He did not seem to gain this knowledge from reading or from observation, for he read very few of our public journals, and was little inclined to cull out the opinions of others.

"He was a representative of the people, and he understood what he desired rather by a study of himself than of them. Granting that, although constitutionally honest himself, he did not put a very high valuation upon honesty in others, and that he sometimes permitted his partiality for his friends to influence his action in a manner that was hardly consistent with an upright administration of his great office, few men have held high position whose conduct could so well bear the severest criticism as Mr. Lincoln's."

Charles Dudley Warner, the celebrated author, wrote of him. "Abraham Lincoln was the genius of common sense. In his daily life he was a representative of the American people, and probably the best leader we could have had in the crisis of our national life. He was a great leader, because to his common sense was added the gift of imagination."

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Lot M. Morrill

Lot M. Morrill, the eminent statesman, and long United States senator from Vermont, wrote: "Abraham Lincoln, with George Washington, will stand out in the pages of American history in exalted pre-eminence. Mr. Lincoln was suited to the epoch which rightly anticipated his event to the presidency; the quality of the man was the equivalent of the perils of the chief magistrate.

"Throughout his career he displayed a character of perfect integrity, sincerity, undeviating rectitude and courage, while he exhibited in rare combination wisdom, gentleness and conciliation. His 'firmness in the right as God gave him to see,' was, to him, faith, courage, patience and boundless endurance in the cause of the right—to the American people, nationality restored, liberty and union vindicated, the dark stain of slavery erased and free institutions preserved."

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Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler wrote: "He lived to see the rebellion in its last agonies; he lived to enter Richmond amid the acclamations of the liberated slave; he lived until Sumter's flag rose again, like a star of Bethlehem in the southern sky, and then, with the martyr's crown upon his brow, and with four million broken fetters in hand, he went up to meet his God.

"In a moment his life crystallizes into the pure white fame that belongs only to the martyr for truth and liberty. Terrible as seems the method of his death to us, it was, after all, the most fitting and glorious. In God's sight Lincoln was no more precious than the humblest drummer boy who had bled away his young life on the sod of Gettysburg or Chattanooga. He had called on two hundred thousand heroes to lay down their lives for their country; and now he, too, has gone to make his grave beside them."

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Robert G. Ingersoll

Robert G. Ingersoll paid a glowing tribute to the dead President, which was in part:

"Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books.

"He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

"Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

"Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thoughts. He was never afraid to ask; never too dignified to admit that he did not know.

"No man had keener wit and kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy; it is the preface, prologue and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought; master of the story teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

"He was a logician. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart.

"He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime, you must be natural—must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart; above the clouds it is too cold.

"If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said, between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

"Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism, firmness heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows.

"Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear, except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope and the nobility of a nation."

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Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman, the author of the widely read poem on Lincoln's death, "Captain, My Captain," wrote:

"As I dwell on what I myself heard and saw of the mighty Westerner, and blend it with the history and literature of my age and of what I can get of all ages and conclude it with his death, it seems like some tragic play, superior to all else I know—vaster and fierier and more convulsionary, for this America of ours, than Eschylus or Shakespeare ever drew for Athens or for England. And then the moral permeating, underlying all! The lesson that none so remote, none so illiterate—no age, no class—but may directly or indirectly read!

"Abraham Lincoln's was really one of those characters the best of which is the result of long trains of cause and effect—needing a certain spaciousness of time, and perhaps even remoteness, to properly inclose them—having unequaled influence in the shaping of this republic (and therefore the world) as today, and then far more important in the future.

"Thus the time has by no means yet come for a thorough measurement of him. Nevertheless, we who live in his era—who have seen him and heard him face to face, and are in the midst of, or just parting from, the strong and strange events which he and we have had to do with, can in some respects bear valuable, perhaps indispensable, testimony concerning him.

"How does this man compare with the acknowledged 'Father of his Country'? Washington was modeled on the best Saxon and Franklin of the age of the Stuarts (rooted in the Elizabethan period), was essentially a noble Englishman, and just the kind needed for the occasions and the times of 1776-1783. Lincoln, underneath his practicality, was far less European, far more western, original, essentially non-conventional, and had a certain sort of outdoor or prairie stamp.

"One of the best of the late commentators on Shakespeare — Professor Dowden—makes the height and aggregate of his quality as a poet to be, that he thoroughly blended the ideal with the practical, or realistic. If this be so, I should say that what Shakespeare did in poetic expression, Abraham Lincoln essentially did in his personal and official life.

"Dear to democracy to the very last! And among the paradoxes generated by America, not the least curious was that spectacle of all the kings and queens and emperors of the earth, many from remote distances, sending tributes of condolence and sorrow in memory of one raised through the commonest average of life—a rail splitter and flatboat man.

"Considered from the contemporary points of view—who knows what the future may decide?—and from the points of view of current democracy and the Union (the only thing like passion or infatuation in the man was the passion for the Union of these states), Abraham Lincoln seems to me the grandest figure yet on all the crowded canvas of the nineteenth century."

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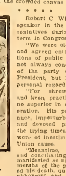


Robert C. Winthrop

Robert C. Winthrop, who was speaker in the House of Representatives during Lincoln's early term in Congress, wrote:

"We were old Whigs together and agreed entirely on all questions of public interest. I could not always concur in the policy of the party which made him President, but I never lost my personal regard for him.

"For shrewdness, sagacity and keen, practical sense, he had no superior in our day and generation. His patience, perseverance, imperturbable good nature and devoted patriotism during the trying times of the Civil War were of inestimable value to the Union cause.

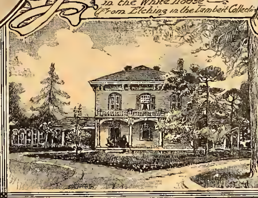
"Meantime, the forbearing and conciliating spirit, which he manifested so signally in the last months of the presidency, rendered his death, quite apart from the abhorrent and atrocious manner in which it occurred, an inexpressible shock, even to those who had differed from his earlier views. His life, even at the moment it was taken away, was the most important and precious life in our whole land."

LINCOLN'S HAPPY HOURS AT HOME

Mrs Lincoln

Lincoln and His Family in the White House From Etching in the Lambert Collec...

Globe Tavern, Springfield, Ill where Lincoln Lived after His Marriage



House in which Lincoln was Married

Elizabeth Keckley, Mrs. Lincoln's Favorite Dressmaker who was once a Slave

His Whole-hearted Devotion to His Wife and Children

FROM the time when Abraham Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency there was never a day that did not bring some story, usually false, regarding his domestic life.

The majority of the canards were derogatory of Mrs. Lincoln, and they ranged all the way from criticisms of the manner in which she wore her clothes to the most persistent and venomous reports that she regularly betrayed the plans of the federal government to the Confederate leaders.

Perhaps the most recurrent story, very much alive to this day, is the one that Lincoln never really loved his wife and the mother of his children. The circumstantial narratives of his early romance with sweet Ann Rutledge have been quoted as evidence indisputable that he could not have loved the woman he married.

It happens that, in personal memoirs still treasured among collections of Lincolniana, there exists ample evidence of the life actually lived by Lincoln in the family circle. How much of distortion the facts have suffered, and how much of the domestic happiness a man may claim as his was Abraham Lincoln's, can be made apparent to those at least who do not ask of life that it shall vouchsafe to them the realization of every ideal limned by youth's first glow of love's vast aspirations.

FOR thirty years a slave, Elizabeth Keckley, her freedom purchased, betook herself to Washington and, almost at once, achieved her ambition of becoming dressmaker to the wife of the President, Mrs Lincoln. For four years she lived in the White House, and it was she for whom Mrs. Lincoln sent when, under the fearful shock of the President's assassination, the bereaved woman was asked whether there was any one she wished to have by her side in her affliction.

Mrs Keckley, an ardent admirer of President Lincoln, in whom she could see no trace of any human failing, was as staunch a friend as she was a loyal servant of his wife, in whom she discerned such limitations as only women cannot fail to see in women.

Mrs. Keckley stated that she had, from the lips of Mrs. Lincoln herself, the story of the real origin of the rivalry between Mr Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, a rivalry which so grew in consequence that before it ended with Lincoln's nomination for the presidency it shaped the very destinies of the nation. From the lips of both Mrs. Lincoln and Dr. Henry, Lincoln's intimate friend at the time of his courtship of Mrs. Lincoln, she received her account of the proposal for her hand.

From childhood petted and indulged, pretty, clever Mary Todd had cherished a sublime faith that she was destined to become the wife of the President of the United States.

TWO FAMOUS SUITORS

She became the belle of Springfield, in Illinois, in the days when the constitutional right of the native-born citizen to election to the presidency was something far more vitally near to the ambitions of the American than it is today; he may have felt he had a bigger fraction of a chance in a million than he has now.

Both Douglas and Lincoln were her suitors. Lincoln, the man of the people, uncouth but very lovable; his rival the man of position and breeding, obviously the favorite of fortune. It was Douglas who first proposed, and he was no unduly modest suitor.

"Mary," he said, when she refused him, "you do not know the man you are rejecting. You have always had the ambition to be the wife of the President of the United States. I fear you are throwing away tonight your best chance to ever rule in the White House."

"I cannot consent to become your wife," she answered, "although you have my best wishes. Yet I shall be Mrs. President—but not as Mrs Douglas."

Soon after Mr Lincoln's first inauguration, at a White House reception, Mrs. Lincoln was accompanied in the promenade by Mr. Douglas, then United States senator.

"It reminds me of old days, Mary," he said, "to have you lean upon my arm."

"I must do you credit, Mr. Douglas," she rejoined, "you were a gallant beau."

"And a lover. Do you remember when our flirtation came to an end?"

"Oh, distinctly. You see, I was right. I am Mrs. President, but not as Mrs. Douglas."

The terms of Lincoln's proposal, which followed within a few nights of Douglas', are given by Mrs Keckley on Mrs. Lincoln's authority:

"You are bold, Mr. Lincoln," said the conquering Miss Todd, for she felt very sure she could call him back when she wanted him.

"Love makes me bold," he rejoined.

"You honor me—but I cannot consent to be your wife."

Lincoln, rising in nervous chagrin, inquired:

"Is this your final answer, Miss Todd?"

"I do not often jest, Mr. Lincoln. Why should I reconsider tomorrow my decision of today?"

"Your answer is sufficient. I was led to hope I might become dearer to you than a friend; but the hope has proved an idle one. I have the honor to say good-night, Miss Todd."

He departed, calm and very pale. But a few minutes later his friend, Dr. Henry, passing his law office, entered and found him walking the floor in great agitation. He was sick of the heartless, deceitful world, he declared; he did not care how soon he was out of it. Dr. Henry asked whether he had been quarreling with his sweetheart.

"Quarrel!" stormed Lincoln, "I wish to God it was a quarrel, then I might look forward to a reconciliation. The girl led me to believe she loved me, and now refuses to become my wife. She is a heartless coquette."

Dr Henry suggested that she was only testing him.

"I believe," Lincoln answered, "that she is going to marry Douglas. If she does, I will blow my brains out."

The doctor, with unconscious prevision, suggested that his brains were given him for a different purpose, and succeeded in inducing him to go to sleep. But in the morning, his friendship persuading him to an early call, he found Lincoln on the verge of high fever. Dr. Henry, sensible physician and sincere friend, concluded that the cause must be removed before the patient could be helped.

ONLY TESTING HIM

He hastened to call on Miss Todd, who was deeply distressed when she learned of her lover's illness. She offered to go to him at once; but Dr Henry dissuaded her. She told him that his surmise was correct—she had only been testing Lincoln's affection. He could return and tell his friend that she would consent to marry him.

Of Mr. Lincoln as a husband Mrs Keckley remarked that he was far too honest a man to marry a woman he did not love. He was a kind and indulgent husband, who, when he discerned faults in his wife, excused them as one might excuse the acts of an impulsive child. He often called her his child wife, a phrase she found peculiarly endearing.

Almost on the eve of the death of Willie Lincoln, a loss that proved a deep and lasting affliction to his father, a reception which had been announced left both the President and Mrs Lincoln in grave doubt whether it should not be postponed, because of the condition of the child. But the physicians in attendance assured them that he was not in serious danger, and it was deemed best to allow the invitations to stand.

Mrs Lincoln, when the evening came, dressed in white satin, with black lace trimming. The extremely long train and the rustle of the satin, as she swept through the room where she had dressed, attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who was standing with his back to the fire, his hands behind him, his face thoughtful, even solemn. He studied her appearance a few minutes, and then, with his quaint smile, observed:

"Whew, what a long tail our cat has tonight!"

But she did not answer, and he added:

"Mother, if some of that tail was nearer the head, you would be in better style."

Mrs. Lincoln was wearing the "full dress" which fashion had made imperative, and her neck and arms, of exceptional beauty showed to the utmost advantage. His remark made her turn away with an air of dignity offended. But, after a moment, she took her husband's arm, and together they descended the stairs to receive their guests.

Mrs Keckley remained with the sick boy, and the wife, who had adorned herself to the extreme of fashion in order to carry out what she conceived to be her duty to her husband in public, every little while slipped away from the lively throng at the reception to pass a few minutes in the sickroom in all the little anxious cares of the fond mother. When, a few days later, Willie's illness ended with death, she was hysterical with grief, while her husband seemed suddenly to have been reduced to merely the broken semblance of a man.

The days that passed in the White House during the year 1863, when the fortunes of the Confederacy were so often in the ascendant, were anxious and sad, and only those who saw the President in his homely privacy knew how the strain wore upon him. Once, entering a room where Mrs. Lincoln was being fitted for a dress, he flung himself upon a sofa, shaded his eyes with his hands, and sat there, dejection incarnate.

"Where have you been father?" Mrs. Lincoln asked, as she noted his unhappiness.

"To the War Department," he replied, with a brevity that was al[illegible]

"Any news?[illegible]

"Plenty of [illegible] that is good. It is dark, dark everywhe[illegible]

There was [illegible] a stand near the head of the sofa. [illegible] it up and began to read. After [illegible] assumed an expression of fresh che[illegible] Mrs. Keckley, to whom the ne[illegible] red strikingly in contrast with [illegible] ness, found a pretext to pass beh[illegible] what portion of the Bible had [illegible] renewed energy. He was reading the Book [illegible]

The inte[illegible] of chats and incidents, given as the recollections of these four years passed in the Lincoln family circle, show very conclusively that the President had a helpmeet who was the typical wife and mother, living in that atmosphere of care for her husband and her children which, when all is said and done, remains the normal breath of woman's life, whatever her position.

One great anxiety of hers was the President's safety. So far, indeed, from being utterly unexpected was the President's assassination when it came, that some such disaster was the constant, haunting fear of those around him, and, most of all, of his wife. And he, whatever may have been his private apprehensions of danger, was the typical man in pooh-poohing it. Such a dialogue as this was frequent:

"Where are you going now, father?"

"I am going over to the War Department, mother, to get some news."

"But, father, you should not go out alone. You know you are surrounded with danger."

"All imagination. Don't worry about me, mother, no one is going to molest me."

And he would go out with the air of a man who had not an enemy in the world. Yet the actual dangers were so keenly apprehended by his friends that, for weeks, when some rumors became less than commonly intangible, they would find pretexts for sleeping in the White House to guard him.

The devotion of Mrs. Lincoln to the Union cause was so diametrically in contrast with the sympathy she was so often accused of feeling for the Confederacy that, at this day, it is a matter for amazement that even the most ill-informed could have given the falsehoods a minute's credence.

The foundation for the charge was the fact that her brothers were serving in the Confederate army. Mrs. Keckley heard that Captain Alexander Todd, one of her brothers, had been killed, but refrained from speaking of it to Mrs. Lincoln lest it distress her. When, however, she saw Mrs. Lincoln, the lady herself mentioned it, with no great air of concern.

"Of course, Lizzie," said Mrs. Lincoln, "it is only natural that I should feel for one so nearly related to me, but not to the extent you might suppose. My brother made his choice long ago—against my husband and against me. He has been fighting against us. He chose to be our deadly enemy. I see no special reason why I should very bitterly mourn his death."

NOT AFFECTED BY WIFE'S VIEWS

The discussions over the merits of politicians, statesmen and generals frequently indulged in by Mrs Lincoln were heard with good-natured tolerance by her husband, and it would seem that, strong as her opinions were, they had little or no effect upon the President's views or his actions. She was equally averse to McClellan and Grant, the first she stigmatized as a humbug, the second as an obstinate fool and butcher.

"Well, mother," remarked Lincoln, with twinkling eyes, "suppose we give you command of the army. You'd do much better than any general we've tried yet."

It was that good-humored imperturbability which left President Lincoln at ease where a smaller man would have been irritated over what might have seemed an attempt at petticoat government. His saving laughter rarely failed him, even when wifely jealousy—to his simple rectitude wholly incomprehensible—sought to regulate his words and manner in public receptions.

Lincoln made quiet but diverting sport of it when he came to recognise it for what it was. When, coming to her room to conduct her to the reception rooms, he felt his mind free enough of cares to enjoy the half serious passage at arms, he was likely to ask:

"With whom shall I talk tonight—Mrs. D?"

"That deceitful woman! No, don't listen to her flattery."

"But, mother," buttoning his glove with mock solemnity, his eyes twinkling all the time, "I must talk with some one. Is there anybody you don't object to? If you can't tell me that, tell me at least the names of those I mustn't talk to."

Whereupon Mrs. Lincoln would review several women to whom she most emphatically objected.

"Very well, mother," giving her his arm with grave dignity, "now that we have settled the question, let us go down."

Probably the most salient note in Mr. Lincoln's home life was his unvarying sweetness of disposition. When F B. Carpenter, who was for several months resident in the White House while he painted the Emancipation Proclamation, was having some photographic studies made of the interior he had made use of an unoccupied room which little Tad Lincoln had declared his very own a few days earlier. Mr. Lincoln was sitting for a photograph in another apartment, when Tad burst in with boyish indignation, declaring the photographers had taken his room, and he had locked the door, and he had the key, and they should not go in there again.

"Tad," said his father, "go and unlock the door."

But Tad departed, growling as only an angry boy can growl that he wouldn't do any such thing. Mr. Carpenter followed him, trying to persuade him to obey his father. But Tad was mad all through, and he would do nothing of the kind. As Mr Carpenter returned to the President Mr. Lincoln asked,

"Hasn't the boy opened that door?"

"I can do nothing with him," responded the artist.

TOUCHED SON'S HEART

Mr. Lincoln rose from the posing chair, and, with the air of a man resolved upon condign punishment, went after the child. He returned with the key, unlocked the door and resumed his pose.

"There, it's all right now," he said, in half apology. "You see, Tad is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I found him. I said to him, 'Tad, do you know you're making your father a great deal of trouble?' He burst into tears and instantly gave me the key."

It was Tad who was his father's usual companion on the excursions down the Potomac, which the President often made. One day when they were going to Fortress Monroe he was very troublesome.

"Tad," said his father, "if you'll be a good boy and not disturb me any more until we reach Fortress Monroe I'll give you a dollar."

It was a fine bribe, and Tad made heroic efforts to keep the promise he promptly made. But soon he became as noisy as ever. Nevertheless at the fortress he demanded his dollar.

"Tad," inquired his father gravely, "do you think you have earned it?"

"Yes," answered Tad, with more than needful emphasis.

Half reproachfully his father looked at him, but the unashamed little sinner looked him straight in the eye and held out a bandit hand. His father drew a dollar note from his wallet and paid him—but with a quaint bit of humor that should have brought any child small pleasure in the spending of the money.

"Very well, my son, but at any rate I will keep my part of our bargain."

The picture so often repeated of Lincoln with the family around him of an evening, his boy looking over a picture book as he turned the leaves, was a scene of domestic peace and happiness such as any man of Lincoln's day might have envied. Whether it was that his nature responded to the call of these domestic scenes, or whether he had to an unusual degree the power of flinging aside the cares of state, it is indisputable that few men upon whom responsibilities of like gravity weighed have ever been able to find temporary refuge so often in that peaceful circle.

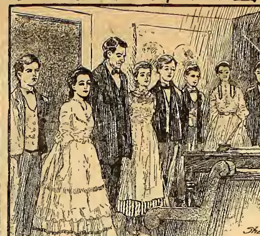
No man or woman of that cruel, war-torn period was really, truly happy, in the sense of happiness unalloyed. But it would seem that Mr Lincoln, in the light of his extraordinary care and worries, did enjoy a far greater measure of domestic happiness than fell to the lot of the majority of statesmen in his time.

Perhaps the Most Curious of Lincoln Portraits

THE work of some highly expert but unknown penman, this copy of the Emancipation Proclamation is probably the strangest likeness of Lincoln which has been executed. The shading of the words and letters to bring out the likeness is a remarkable example of portraiture, as well as of chirography.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST LOVE STORY

His first glimpse of Ann Rutledge in the Salem Tavern.



She was his companion at Spelling Bees.

How Beautiful Ann Rutledge Won His Heart and Died

GREAT souls love and suffer deeply. Great tragedies lie buried in the hearts of great benefactors of mankind. Affections of the noblest men have ended often in sorrow; have been written in tears, and bound in the immortal book of pain.

Some say, had not Abraham Lincoln lost Ann Rutledge the country would not have had its "Great Emancipator"; that Lincoln might not have become the greatest and most heroic figure of the nineteenth century.

Lincoln's love for this beautiful girl must take its place among the great romances of history; this great passion of his life, which has in it all the elements of Greek tragedy, became, in the terrible days of sorrow, the fire in which was forged his sad and magnificent destiny.

Had she lived, his biographers say, he would doubtless have settled down, become a happy and contented farmer or practicing lawyer, and might never have thought of entering the troublous arena of public life. But Fate, in which Lincoln implicitly believed, predestined a different career; Ann Rutledge died, and, declares his partner, Herndon, "the love and death of this girl shattered Lincoln's purpose and tendencies; he threw off his infinite sorrow by leaping wildly into the political arena." Declared another, "He needed whip and spur to save him from despair."

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S first romance historians tell us little. In fact, historians tell us little of the grand passions of history, perhaps because they feel the sacredness of these inner shrines of the heart and realize that these stories—which, after all, are the same with all men—can be realized by all who know, and not by those who have never felt the thrill, the joy of possession and the bitterness of loss, although time after time they be related.

Ann Rutledge was 18, in the full bloom of her virginal beauty, when she came into Lincoln's life, a vision haloed by morning sunshine. Of her personal appearance we know little, save that her hair was pale golden and that she was distinguished from the other girls of the village of New Salem by her unusual beauty and an innate refinement and timidity of bearing.

Lincoln began the summer of 1830 by splitting rails for a pair of jean trousers. He was poor, and his only means of livelihood were his axe, his great physical strength and his captivating wit and personality. The winter of 1830-31 was a hard one, "the winter of deep snow"; nearly all the wolves and game in the district of New Salem—a village of twenty log houses and shops—were killed by the hungry settlers.

Lincoln did odd jobs and gained a meager livelihood. Yet he had won the affection of the rude settlers, so that when he decided to start on a flatboat expedition to New Orleans the men decided that he should be given a feast. And a feast it was!

FEASTING LEADS TO LOVE

The tavern was a great building of hewn logs, eight roomed, and owned by James Rutledge. There, one day in April, 1831, gathered the farmers and shopkeepers of the district, and a feast was given the young, raw-boned, witty "Abe." There were great plates of river fish, roast pork, succulent and juicy; corn bread, fresh from the oven; maple sugar, honey and great pitchers of mulled cider. The great room rang with laughter as Abe told inimitable stories and jokes, for which he had already become famous the country around—jokes which have since become known all over the world.

While he told them, from behind the door peeped a young girl, one of a number of children, too shy to venture among the men. For the first time Lincoln saw Ann Rutledge. After the feast, amid laughter and well wishes, the gaunt, lumbering youth left the tavern and trudged down to the banks of the Sangamon, where he boarded a flatboat to go down the river to New Orleans.

Women and girls of the village followed, for already "Abe" Lincoln had made himself loved. There was a final hearty shaking of hands; the boat pushed off and the women waved their handkerchiefs. Then, overcoming her timidity, a young girl stepped forward, waving her kerchief more vigorously than the rest, her face wreathed with smiles, her eyes kindling with good will. It was Ann Rutledge, daughter of the tavernkeeper. "Abe" Lincoln, leaning on the side of the boat, watched her intently.

Lincoln did not remain long in the South. He took a steamboat up the river to St. Louis and traveled by foot to a farm his father was clearing in the eastern part of the state. This overland journey was more than 100 miles. But he did not remain long at home; a magnet was drawing, drawing, drawing him, and in July he made his way down the Sangamon river to New Salem.

There Lincoln made his entrance into the political life of the state. He applied for a position as assistant at a polling place. They asked him what his qualifications were. "Oh!" he replied, "I can make a few rabbit strokes with my pen!" Other jobs the versatile youth held. His second was as pilot on the river. Next spring he did what nobody had ever succeeded in doing; he brought a steamer up the shallow Sangamon beyond New Salem to Springfield.

During these months Lincoln visited the tavern of the Rutledges, where he often met Ann. But few words passed between them; the girl was shy and retiring. Lincoln felt a sense of his uncouthness and unpresentable appearance; besides—alas! what pains this knowledge must have given the young lover—Ann was engaged to another.

At the tavern boarded a young man from New York, one John McNeill, who owned the best store in the village and some rich farming lands. McNeill's manners were those of a gentleman. His English was impeccable. He was handsome and gallant. Besides, he dressed well. People gasped at the report that he was worth $12,000. What could poor "Abe" Lincoln, with little money, no graces of manner and no fine clothes, do against such a rival?

In those days Lincoln, burning with a desire for learning, would attend the weekly "spell-downs" on Fridays in the village school. Ann was always there. In line both would stand as Mentor Graham, the Scotch schoolmaster, would call out the words. Lincoln was avid of learning; he studied hard and often passed up ahead. Sometimes he misspelled words—who knows but when he did so it was because his mind was set on the slim, golden-haired girl, not yet 18, who stood near him and whose shy glance made the blood gallop in his veins and flush his cheeks and set his heart whirling!

Hours when Life was sweet to both.

Old Mentor Graham helped Lincoln in his studies, and under his guidance he took up the study of mathematics. One evening, after a school debate, the schoolmaster went up to "Abe" and laid his hand on his shoulder. "You're going to make a great speaker," he said, "but your speech is inaccurate and rude. Why don't you study grammar?"

"Where can I get one?" asked the young man, eagerly.

The schoolmaster thought deeply. "I know of a farmer who has one—he lives seven miles away."

Lincoln did not sleep that night. Before dawn the following morning he was up, tramping across the country. He walked along, his pockets filled with corn-dodgers. He bought the grammar, paying for it by work, and, radiant, he returned to New Salem, where he studied it by the glow of the embers in the cooper's shop.

A year later, when he went to board at Rutledge's tavern, after returning from an Indian campaign, he presented the precious book to Ann. And in it he wrote: "Ann M. Rutledge is now learning grammar."

For a year and a half Lincoln lived at the tavern. He saw Ann daily. By and by their timidity and bashfulness wore away, and they became the closest of friends. But of love Lincoln never spoke. She was betrothed to another, and Lincoln remained silent.

One corner of the room by the fireplace was reserved for her; there she had her spinning wheel and sewing table. And there Lincoln would sit—when John McNeill was not there.

Yet in the hours given him—all too meager, all too short—Lincoln must have lived as all the young lovers of the world lived, in a heaven of ecstasy, made all the more poignant by the knowledge that his beloved was pledged to another. And it must have caused him a pang when, in 1833, James Rutledge sold the tavern and moved to a farmhouse. So Lincoln changed his boarding place and moved to a farm a mile out from the village, owned by Squire Bowling Green.

In the meantime while he lived a life of love and despair, Lincoln had been defeated as a candidate for the Assembly and had bought a partnership in a New Salem store. Unfortunately, his partner was a drunkard, a reckless squanderer of money, and while he ran the business to failure, Lincoln was too interested in his studies to devote enough attention to save it. For Lincoln had bought a copy of Blackstone for half a dollar, and during the entire summer of 1833 spent his leisure time devouring it.

Before the firm was dissolved Lincoln had become village postmaster, a perquisite of which job was to read all the papers that came. To distribute the mail he took long tramps; the newspapers he devoured voraciously. When his business failed he remained postmaster, and instead of trying to beat his creditors he, who was afterward known as "Honest Abe," agreed to pay his debts, aggregating more than $1000, by the money he could save from his earnings.

In 1834 Lincoln was elected to the Legislature, doubling his vote of 1832, but he was so poor that when he went to attend the sessions at the Vandalia Courthouse he had to borrow $200 from a friend to buy clothes and "make a decent appearance."

In the spring of that year Ann Rutledge's fiance, John McNeill, sold his store suddenly, packed his saddle bags and left New Salem for "the East." He would come back, he said, and he and Ann would be married. He would bring his father and mother back with him, and then he would buy a farm and make a home for Ann.

As the days passed Ann wrote her lover many letters, which were given into the hands of the tall postmaster. Day after day passed, and week after week, and the time drifted into months; letters were sent by Ann—but no letter came for her.

People began to talk. They always do in such small communities. The man had fled, they said, and they whispered more—that he was a fugitive from justice, that he had deserted a wife in the East to whom he returned, and some even hinted that he was a murderer. But Ann bravely defended him; every aspersion she indignantly denied. And then a fear began to grow in her heart—perhaps McNeill was dead. There were floods along the river and the valleys were filled with malaria. Possibly he had died. One day Ann learned that her lover had not died—for the long-expected missive came.

CRUELLY DECEIVED

No one ever learned what was in that letter. Ann told her father, as a dutiful daughter, that she had not known her lover under his right name, and that he did not speak of returning. But what he told her, with what cruel words he rejected her—these were writ in her heart as by a fiery brand. But of the long nights when Ann lay awake weeping none knew, none guessed, perhaps, but the postmaster.

Autumn came, and then another rumor spread about the gossiping village. What did they think of it—Abraham Lincoln was paying court to Ann Rutledge! Abraham Lincoln, the hero of the countryside, who would go to the Assembly in December!

He spent all his leisure time with her. Almost any day they could be seen wandering by the Sangamon, gathering goldenrod and the flowers of autumn, any afternoon they might be found under a great sycamore, Lincoln lying on the ground, reading Blackstone, or Ann reading Shakespeare to him.

The color returned to Ann's face, the luster to her eyes. Her golden laughter began again to ring, and at evenings from her home could be heard her voice, as sweet as music, singing to her new lover.

Lincoln did not ask Ann to be his wife until the following spring, when he returned from Vandalia, but was the girl blind—did she not read his love in his eyes? It was during that autumn that Ann sang to him the sad verses which begin:

> Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

These verses remained Lincoln's favorite ones during the rest of his life.

With high heart Lincoln returned from the session of his first term in the Assembly in the spring of 1835. From Springfield he made the journey on a hired horse. He had with him his luggage of law books, a hundred dollars of money—a fraction of the debt he had to pay—and an inexhaustible saddle bag of optimism and great hopes. He was going to ask Ann Rutledge to be his wife!

Lincoln was now 26, unhandsome and ungainly, even at this age his skin was shriveled and yellow, he was long and lanky. When he presented himself to Ann Rutledge he wore baggy buckskin breeches, not meeting his rough shoes by several inches and showing his lean shinbones, a linsey-woolsey shirt and a cap of coonskin. But he did not remain long at Squire Green's farmhouse that afternoon, directly he went to the Rutledge farm and took a walk with Ann.

SUCCESSFUL IN HIS SUIT

During the summer their walks continued; on warm afternoons they sat beneath the sycamore on the banks of the blue Sangamon, Lincoln studied law, Ann read Burns and Shakespeare. These were happy, happy days, for Ann had consented to become the wife of Lincoln. The young student soared through the days as though he were on clouds. He was to continue his studies, Ann was to go to the Jacksonville Academy, and they were to be married when Lincoln was admitted to the bar. These were their plans.

With her great new love there arose in the soul of Ann a vague trouble, which she confided to no one. It was a fear that McNeill should come back. On the days that Lincoln was away she sat alone and brooded, her face became wan, circles appeared under her eyes, and then came a blow—a rumor spread of McNeill's return.

Ann's frail nature gave way, and when Lincoln returned to New Salem one day he learned she lay delirious with fever.

Like a madman he rushed to her farm. The family sat about and talked in hushed whispers. The beautiful girl lay unconscious, and the lover, distracted and wild with sorrow, waited. One day she recovered consciousness. Lincoln stepped into the plain room and took her hand. He knelt by the bedside. He broke down and wept. The family withdrew. What passed no one ever learned. Two days later Ann Rutledge died.

A week later Lincoln was found wandering aimlessly along the Sangamon. His mind was blank. For weeks he muttered unintelligible things, and his friends had to care for him. He obeyed Aunt Nancy Green as if he were a child. He came and went, did errands, chopped wood, picked fruit and did chores mechanically. For months his mind did not clear. He would sit alone and brood. Often he would wander away, and those seeking him knew where to find him—by a grave seven miles away, where, with one hand over the green mound he would lay, his hand buried in the turf, his eyes dry—his sorrow was too great for tears.

Gradually his mind cleared, the mists passed away, and again he took up his studies with feverish zest. But his face began to change; his eyes sank, his mouth assumed the lines of melancholy, so that today, when one looks upon the marble heads one sees the face of a "man of sorrow, acquainted with grief." Ever thereafter there was no one in suffering with whom Lincoln did not sympathize; children and birds and animals he loved with the ingenuous affection of a child, no ruler was ever so moved by women's pleas as he during the days of the war. He became known by a new title—the "man of mercy." Because he himself had learned from the book of tears which is bound in pain.

The Duel Challenge that Lincoln accepted

Julia Jayne.

Gen. James Shields, who in late life challenged Lincoln.

"IF ALL the good things I have ever done are remembered as long as my scrape with Shields, it is plain I shall not soon be forgotten."

Can any one born since the year 1861 imagine Abraham Lincoln basing his claim to immortality on such a ground as that? Yet they are his words, faithfully reported by William H. Herndon, his friend and law partner, during the crowded twenty years in which he won a fame which bids fair to end only with the history of the race.

The duel with Shields was not fought. After the sensation which the quarrel created had subsided, Lincoln rarely referred to it, for he regarded it as a shadow on his career, with the recollection always painful. Once only did his friend Herndon hear from his lips an expression of his attitude toward his adversary:

"I did not intend to hurt Shields unless I did so clearly in self-defense. If it had been necessary I could have split him from the crown of his head to the end of his backbone."

EARLY in the autumn of 1842 Lincoln was already a "beau" of the popular and vivacious Mary Todd in Springfield, Ill.

The state auditor, James Shields, had behind him a career made up of those sudden, astonishing flights into prominence and emolument which often turn the head of a candidate. He was a professed dandy and a devoted, if indiscriminate, gallant. As the responsible fiduciary agent of the state, he bore the major responsibility of the administration when it refused to accept state bank notes in payment of state taxes, a measure unavoidable under conditions existing temporarily, yet as obviously inconsistent with governmental rectitude as it was eminently expedient.

Shields, on all sides, was as vulnerable as an oyster out of the shell. Lincoln, his sense of humor stirred by the burlesque of that situation, would have as soon thought of declaring political war on a rabbit; but he could not resist the temptation to prod Shields a little. The pages of the Springfield Journal were always Lincoln's for any purpose he preferred; he used them to flick the auditor with the whip of satire.

A letter from the "Lost Townships" of Illinois, written by Lincoln in the vein of roaring farce, common to the district and the era, was published over the signature of an imaginary "Aunt Rebecca," who declared she had plenty of state bank notes and was in danger of a sheriff's levy because Shields and his party would not let her pay them on her taxes. Incidentally, Aunt Rebecca chaffed Mr. Shields a little about his gallantry to the ladies and his passion for splendiferous habiliment.

The town and the state roared with derision of its Beau Brummel auditor. Lincoln, at the time a suitor of Miss Todd, had found his inspiration for the joke during a talk with her and her friend, Miss Julia M. Jayne. The two girls had agreed to help him. They did, with a vengeance.

Shields, breathing fire and fury over the affront to his dignity—for he was courageous enough—tried in vain to learn the identity of "Aunt Rebecca." The next week brought forth another letter from her—written this time by Miss Todd and Miss Jayne—telling of the terror his wrath had inspired in her and offering to marry him! The girls supplied, too, some poetry that deplored his loss to love and society, while it wished him joy of his aged and impassioned bride.

The girls' letter practically ignored the political issue on which Lincoln based the original communication, and addressed itself exclusively to Shields' personal vanities. Where Lincoln had flicked, the girl authors fairly blistered. Shields demanded of the Journal's editor the name of the author of the "Aunt Rebecca" papers. General John D. Whiteside was the bearer of the demand, and it was of such a nature that Lincoln had to be informed of it.

He told the editor to give his name as the responsible author and on no account to mention the name of either Miss Todd or Miss Jayne. His instructions, carried out, elicited an immediate demand for an apology from Lincoln, together with a full retraction of all the offensive allusions. Several sharp letters were exchanged.

As the quarrel approached a climax there was pronounced popular interest, amounting nearly to excitement, in Springfield, although the earlier negotiations had been conducted at the town of Tremont, where Lincoln was attending court. Both General Whiteside and Dr. Merryman, Lincoln's second, were anxious to prevent a fight if they could find a way out. If, however, this could not be found, then Lincoln's seconds must demand:

> First. The weapons must be cavalry broadswords of the largest size, such as were used by a cavalry company existing at the town of Jacksonville.
>
> Second. A plank 10 feet long and 9 to 12 inches in breadth must be firmly fixed on edge on the dueling ground as the line between the duelists. Neither might pass his foot over it on forfeit of his life.
>
> Then a line should be drawn on the ground on either side of the plank and parallel with it, each line being at a distance from the plank the whole length of the sword and three feet additional. The passing of his own line by either party during the fight should be deemed the surrender of the contest.

The place was to be within three miles of Alton, on the Missouri side of the river, the seconds to agree on the particular spot.

Dr. Merryman, when General Whiteside called on him, read to him these instructions from Lincoln. General Whiteside made an endeavor to effect peace upon other terms, failed, and consented to meet Lincoln and his seconds at Alton, the Lincoln seconds to procure the broadswords at Jacksonville.

So said, so done. The swords were obtained, and all the parties directly concerned assembled in Alton.

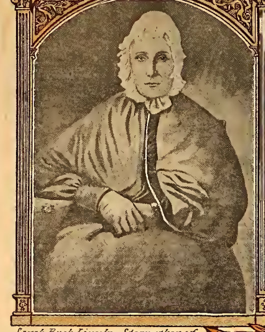
There, however, General John J. Hardin and Dr. R. W. English, gentlemen who deplored the popular excitement that had arisen and were, moreover, anxious to prevent the death of either Lincoln or Shields, intervened as friends of both principals, with the proposal that the whole quarrel be submitted to four or more gentlemen who should report upon its merits.

General Whiteside agreed to it without demur. Dr. Merryman refused to consider it until he consulted with Mr. Lincoln.

"Since the other side has accepted it I will do so," said Lincoln. "But no terms are to be made other than those which I have given you."

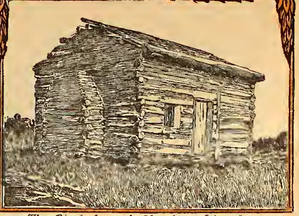
Later, full explanations were made, and the troubled skies cleared. There was no duel.

The WOMAN WHO SHAPED a WONDERFUL CAREER

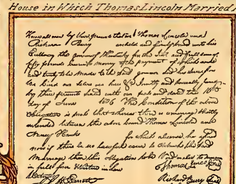


Sarah Bush Lincoln, Stepmother of Abraham Lincoln, at Age of 76 Years.

House in Which Thomas Lincoln Married Nancy Hanks



The Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.



Thomas Lincoln's Marriage Bond.

"All I Am or Ever Hope to Be I Owe to My Mother," Lincoln's Tribute.

THE history of every great man, declares a well-known writer, begins at his mother's knee. Behind every great endeavor and unselfish deed, every noble career of every illustrious man will be found a woman—the frail and gentle creature whose name, perhaps, remains obscured behind the glory of her son, but who began to teach him high thoughts and ideals and to lisp the words of "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Abraham Lincoln's career began at the knee of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his mother. It was she who taught him to read from an old Bible he came to know so well, who told him the stories in Aesop's fables and helped him to study the "Kentucky Preceptor."

It was she who taught him the letters of the alphabet and first trained his hand to scrawl them. It was she who instilled in him a hatred of slavery and by her own gentle loveliness inspired a regard and esteem for women which lasted throughout his life.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln, one of the great President's historians declares, was "stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, sad—at times miserable"; a gentle, kind, uncomplaining woman, whose life had been one of hard labor, with few enjoyments, and who died before her prime. This was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who lay on her deathbed, tired and worn, her face wan, her thin, bony hands clasping those of a 9-year-old lad, whose deep-sunk eyes were filled with tears, and who, when he later became "a liberator of a race of men," declared:

"All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother. Blessings on her memory."

FROM his mother, Lincoln once told his friend and law partner, William H. Herndon, he believed he inherited his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity and his ambition. Her memory remained with him, one of the dearest things of his life—"a noble type of good, heroic womanhood."

Nancy Hanks was 8 years old when her parents sold their farm in Virginia and went pioneering westward toward Kentucky. Nancy was the youngest of a family of eight children. Her father was Joseph Hanks and her mother Nancy Shipley, a daughter of Robert Shipley. Nancy was born February 5, 1784.

The journey westward was a perilous one, and it is said Nancy was stolen by Indians while her parents were on the way. Roads were bad; in fact, there was only a footpath through the wilderness, where passed the long procession of women and children on horseback, men trudging behind driving the caravans.

Picture to yourself the procession, described by Justice Robertson—"through privations incredible and perils thick, thousands of men, women and children came in successive caravans, forming continuous streams of human beings, horses, cattle, and other domestic animals, moving onward along a lonely and homeless path to a wild and cheerless land.

"Cast your eyes back," he continues, "on that long procession of missionaries in the cause of civilization; behold the men on foot, with their trusty guns on their shoulders, driving stock and leading pack-horses; and the women, some walking with pails on their heads, others riding with children in their laps and other children swung in baskets on horses, fastened to the tails of others going before; see them encamped at night, expecting to be massacred by Indians; behold them in the month of December, in that memorable season of unprecedented cold called the 'hard winter,' traveling two or three miles a day."

And imagine little Nancy Hanks, spindly-legged and golden-haired shivering as she snuggled under blankets, pursuing the road of the pioneers. In the child who was to become the mother of Abraham Lincoln was now developed a courage and perseverance which was to be inherited and which afterward marked one of the greatest of men.

The family settled in Washington county, Kentucky, in winter. Hard work confronted them, even privation. Trees had to be felled, a log cabin built and shelter erected for the stock.

Little Nancy, with her sisters, Elizabeth and Polly, helped their mother, cooking and sewing and preparing the rude home, while the brothers, Charles, Joshua, William, Thomas and Joseph, went about with the father, clearing the land for cultivation in the spring. They hunted animals and fished in the cold streams. And when spring came they dug the hard stony ground and planted wheat and corn.

Thus four years passed—four years of hard toil and hard living—and then Joseph Hanks died. Not long afterward the mother, worn with toil, followed; the brothers and daughters married, and Nancy, left alone, was taken in by her Aunt Lucy—a sister of her mother, who had married Richard Berry. This home was a happy one and Nancy grew up, cheerful and pretty.

A QUAINT OLD WILL

When Nancy's father died he left a will. It is still on the records of the Bardstown clerk's office, and as will be seen, Nancy was the proud heiress of one heifer, a pet called Peidy. The quaint will, which was probated May 14, 1793, runs:

In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Hanks, of Nelson county, state of Kentucky, being of sound mind and memory, but weak in body and calling to mind the frailty of all human nature, do make and demise this my last will and testament in the manner and form following, to wit:

Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Thomas one sorrel horse called Major. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joshua one gray mare Bonny. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son William one gray horse called Gilbert. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Charles one roan horse called Tobe. Item: I give and bequeath unto my son Joseph one horse called Bald. Also the land whereon I now live, containing one hundred and fifty acres.

Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Elizabeth one heifer yearling called Gentle. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Polly one heifer yearling called Lady. Item: I give and bequeath unto my daughter Nancy one heifer yearling called Peidy. Item: I give and bequeath unto my wife Nanny all and singular my whole estate during her life, afterward to be equally divided between all my children. It is also my wish and desire that the whole of the property first above bequeathed should be the property of my wife during her life.

Log Cabin Which Young Lincoln Helped His Father Build on Goose Nest Prairie.

Here, too, can be found a record of the seed which budded so nobly in Joseph Hanks' grandson. Joseph Hanks, unlike most of the pioneers, owned no slaves. When Nancy Hanks later married Thomas Lincoln they bought no slaves and never owned any.

Nancy's life while she lived with her Aunt Lucy was happy. She grew into a young miss of unusual beauty and became the belle of the countryside. She learned to read and write, and was considered exceptionally accomplished. When she married Thomas Lincoln she taught him to spell the letters of his name.

There are but few and meager descriptions of Nancy Hanks. One learns that she was slight of figure, that her hair was pale golden, almost flaxen, and her eyes were blue. Her wit was nimble.

Suitors thronged the parlor of Aunt Lucy's farm. But Nancy lost her heart to none; she laughed gaily at their protests, parried their importunate proposals with jest and was so good-natured, so mirthful and funny about it that all remained her friends.

Nancy often went to the farm of Joseph Hanks, at Elizabethtown, where she saw her cousin, Thomas Lincoln. Thomas was a carpenter, and if the records are true, the best in the country for many miles.

He not only hacked and hewed and chiseled wood with skill, but he did what none others had succeeded in doing—chiseled his way into the heart of Nancy.

Thomas Lincoln had a varied career. He was strong as an ox, temperate in his habits, an attendant at church and was bitterly opposed to slavery. Both he and Nancy agreed in that. The couple entered into a marriage bond on June 12, 1806. On June 14 the couple were married by a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Jesse Head, who besides being a clergyman, was an editor, country judge and carpenter.

And a wedding it was—with merrymaking and feasting. There were present the Mitchells, Shipleys and Berrys, Nancy's cousins, relatives and friends from the country roundabout. In a pit near the house a great fire was built, over which a sheep was placed and barbecued. During the morning it roasted, covered by green boughs, and after the wedding it was cut and served for dinner. There were venison, too, and wild turkey and ducks. The wedding was remembered for years.

"There was no hint of future glory in the wedding or bringing home of Nancy Lincoln," wrote Nicolay and Hay. "All accounts represent her as a handsome young woman of 23, of appearance and intellect superior to her lowly fortunes. She could read and write—a remarkable accomplishment in her circle—and even taught her husband to form the letters of his name. He had no such valuable wedding gift to bestow upon her; he brought her to a little house in Elizabethtown, where he and she and want dwelt together in fourteen feet square."

For two happy but needy years the couple lived in a log cabin on the banks of what was then known as Mill creek. Picture to yourself that home of the young bride—a single room, with a huge fireplace, where logs burned in winter; an iron pot suspended from a crane; rough chairs hewn by the carpenter husband of logs, a number of crude benches, a bed made of rough trees from which the bark had not been removed, a spinning wheel by which the industrious wife sat and wove the material for clothing; a room lacking in comforts, typical of the pioneer cabins of those days, with an opening above into a loft, reached by a ladder, where things were stored.

There, one day in 1807, Nancy's first baby was born. It was a little girl, and was called Nancy, after the mother. Later the little girl's name was changed to Sarah. That was when Thomas Lincoln married his second wife, Sarah Bush.

Thomas Lincoln owned a farm near Buffalo, which he had bought in 1803. During the two years he lived on Mill creek he cultivated the farm, improving the ground and there he moved the spring following the birth of Sarah. In their life of Lincoln, Nicolay and Hay write:

"Thomas Lincoln settled down in this dismal solitude to a deeper poverty than any of his name had ever known, and there, in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809."

The family, however, could not have been extremely destitute, for we are told, they had a cow and a calf, milk and butter and a feather bed. What wealth! When Abraham was 4 the family moved again—this time to a cabin, situated on Muldraugh's hill. There a third child was born, which died when a few months old.

Of the life of Nancy Lincoln at this time nothing has been written. Of his boyhood Lincoln himself seldom spoke. But one can imagine the patient woman, alone and unassisted, performing the work of her household, tending the cows and milking them, making butter, cleaning the meagerly furnished cabin in which the family lived, cooking and spinning cloth of which she made garments for her husband, little Sarah and Abe.

Nancy Lincoln's beauty faded; the roses fled from her cheeks, her body became wasted and her shoulders stooped. But her happy spirit never left her, she had a word of cheer for all her neighbors. Stories are told of how she visited the sick and comforted them, and how, when her neighbors were in difficulty, her tender heart was moved and she helped them as best she could.

"LITTLE ABE" HER SOLACE

Her life was hard. But there was cause for joy in Nancy Lincoln's life. Little Abe was her constant delight. At night, when her work was over, she would open the "preceptor" book and teach the two children the letters of the alphabet. With what tenderness and love she must have watched them as they studied—so hard to memorize the A's, B's and C's—and with what doting fondness she must have trained little Abe's tiny hand to trace the letters on a slate!

Those were wonderful evenings. As she sat by the hearth she would read stories from an old, torn copy of Aesop's fables. And the deep-eyed boy would listen, with eager gaze, tense face, to the story of the wicked fox longing for the grapes, the fox and the stork and the tortoise and the hare! Then, when the story was read, little Abe would ask questions; he would repeat the wonderful stories, and the characters and animals in the old fables became his friends.

Dearly Nancy Lincoln loved the Bible, and there were readings from the sacred book, there was told the old, old story. And these stories Lincoln never forgot. When, in after life, he electrified the world by his eloquence, his mastery of pure and perfect English and his tempestuous oratory, he retold the same stories—the stories he heard at his mother's knee.

Life was not prosperous with the father. He left Kentucky and went prospecting in Illinois, where he took up land on Little Pigeon creek, in Spencer county. And again the hard-worked wife was called upon to move her home.

With their furniture packed in a wagon and their cow behind, the family started on their long pilgrimage in 1816. During the winter of 1816 and 1817 the family lived in a camp. The winter was rigorous. Hardship and privation and suffering from cold were the portion of the little family.

Uncomplainingly the tender, gentle woman bore her lot, but her health slowly gave way, her face became mere wan. A rough cabin was begun in the spring and life opened anew. Land was cleared. Thomas Lincoln plied his trade among the scattered inhabitants of the solitary region. They began to prosper. But the life had been too hard for the tender, loving wife and she sank under the burden.

One day in October, 1818, as she lay in her bed in the little cabin, she called her two children to her.

The sun, flooding through the doorway, wreathed the faded face with a halo of gold. Through the door came the crisp odor of warm, brown leaves. Outside the birds sang. A smile wreathed the face of the tired, weary woman.

"BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER"

She took the hands of Sarah and the thin, serious-faced boy. "Be good to one another," she said, brokenly, with infinite tenderness. Then she closed her eyes. The wonderful smile deepened. The sunlight faded into evening, and little Abe, leaving Sarah kneeling by the bed, crept away and climbed the pegs in the wall to the garret, where he flung himself on a mattress of leaves.

Night fell, and from the loft came a stifled sound of sobbing—sobbing repressed, checked, restrained, yet so poignant, so keen, so heart-forlorn that the father, returning home, paused hearing it, his heart sinking. He knew the sunlight of the boy's life had departed.

Many years afterward people wondered at the sorrow moulded indelibly on the face of Lincoln—like agony graven on a figure of stone.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln succumbed to a fever which had ravaged the country, and which carried away the Sparrows, husband and wife, a few days before; all were buried on the same day.

Before the next December Thomas Lincoln married Sarah Bush Johnston, a widow, who, it is said, had rejected him many years before. She came from Kentucky and became a mother to the two motherless children. She loved Abe, and he became a dutiful son to her. The family became more prosperous. But the face of the boy, as he grew up, became more melancholy. It was not until after the death of Anne Rutledge, his first love, that there developed in him the gloom and sense of fatality which colored his life.

In later years, when Lincoln, again shrouded in sorrow, sat by the bedside of his little son, Willie, who was dying, he cried in despair: "This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?" A nurse who had lost her husband and children told him of her loss, adding, "But I trust in God. I rely upon his will." Lincoln shook his head sadly.

On the day of the funeral he asked the nurse and some friends to pray for him. "I will try to go to God with my sorrows," he said. "I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of. I trust God will give it to me."

Then his memory traveled back over the years and his first loss by death came to his mind. He told of his mother's confident belief in the wisdom of God. "I remember her prayers," he said in a low voice, "and they have always followed me. They have followed me all my life."

The POEM that MOST STIRRED LINCOLN'S SOUL

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN it was once said that the prevailing sentiment of his powerful, yet sad, countenance was expressed in the line, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The sympathetic observer, who found there so splendid a significance, guessed the secret that lay within with almost clairvoyant insight.

That is the opening line of the poem which was Lincoln's favorite. It was written by a young Scotchman, who died at the age of 37—the age fatal to Burns, Byron, Motherwell and other gifted poets.

ONE evening in December, 1863, Mr. Lincoln repeated the verses to Colonel J. G. Wilson, then in Washington.

"Mr. President," remarked his guest, "you have omitted a portion of it."

"What! Is there more of it?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, with eager astonishment.

"Yes, sir, two more stanzas."

Colonel Wilson repeated them, to the delight of the President.

"Can you tell me who wrote the poem?" Mr. Lincoln inquired. "I can't find out. Some of the newspapers have attributed its authorship to me."

"It was written," Colonel Wilson replied, "by William Knox, a Scottish poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825. He published several volumes of poems, and was well known to Sir Walter Scott; 'Christopher North,' of glorious memory, and to many others among the literary leaders of his day."

To those who appreciate meritorious verse, the same pleasure can be enjoyed here, in the reading of the poem in its completeness, as was vouchsafed Lincoln on that night of rare peace and talk of beauty amid the tumult of war and stress of his people's peril. This is the poem in full:

MORTALITY

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by,
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed,
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from the slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died. We things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

LINCOLN The MAN of MERCY

Writing a Letter for a Dying Boy Soldier

The Tender Heart that Was Always Moved by Distress

ONE of the old-fashioned, mud-wagon stage coaches was swaying from side to side over the corduroy bridge that spanned a wide slough when one of its two passengers, Abraham Lincoln, called to the driver:

"Can you stop a minute?"

"I kin, ef the other feller don't object," was the strictly just reply.

"No objections," called the other "feller," Colonel E. D. Baker, who perished at Ball's Bluff during the Civil War.

The coach stopped. Mr. Lincoln stepped out and ran back to the slough. There he lifted out a number of little pigs, while the sow, that had been fairly shrieking in terror over their danger of drowning, ran to them as fondly as ever human mother did to her rescued offspring. Lincoln returned to the coach, and the journey proceeded.

"Now, Abe," demanded Colonel Baker, "we've been arguing over your cussed inborn selfishness for the last half hour; and you've been trying to convince me that humanity knows no exception to the rule of selfishness. Where does your selfishness come in on that dirty little job of charity?"

"Why, man," returned the disputatious Lincoln, "that was the very essence of selfishness. I couldn't have had any peace of mind if I'd gone on and left that old sow to worry about her pigs. Can't you see I did it to ease my own mind?"

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show itself likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice—Shakespeare

IF THERE was one trait of Lincoln that wore on the equanimity of the lesser great men who surrounded him during the war, it was his habit of upsetting all precedent, all court-martial verdicts, all rules and regulations, when even the faintest opportunity opened for the tempering of cruel justice with gentle mercy.

The man's depth of distress, when reports reached him of such losses as occurred at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, moved to the profoundest sympathy those who witnessed the misery that looked out from his grave, sad eyes. But those occasions did not so generally awaken the popular appreciation of his kindness of heart as did the widely circulated reports of individual cases, where executive clemency saved from the shadow of death some homes whose soldier son, in the army, had incurred the extreme penalty.

During the war's long years there were many such salvations that were known, but how many remained unknown even Lincoln himself could not have estimated.

It would have been easy, very easy, to select some impressive incident of Lincoln's quality of mercy for his kind as an introduction to any study of his long list of pardons. But the well-nigh forgotten wayfaring rescue of the animals most despised of man showed precisely the broad humaneness that lay back of all Lincoln's mercies.

No creature lived or moved that was too low in the scale of creation to be beneath his pitifulness. With him it was not merely natural that he should be merciful to men, it was inevitable. He was so constituted that he "could have no peace of mind" if others suffered when he could relieve them.

COMFORTED A DYING BOY

His visits to the military hospitals, made as frequently as his arduous duties would permit, oftentimes brought out traits of tenderness that called for a heart continuously alive to the call of pity, during a time when all Washington had so learned the bitter lesson of war that men were no longer men, but mere units, useful or useless for the prosecution of the war, and nothing more.

In May, 1863, during a hospital visit, the President came to the bedside of a boy of 16, mortally wounded, dying even then. He asked:

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The lad had only one request:

"Won't you write to my mother for me?"

"Indeed, I will," exclaimed the President.

He wrote, at the boy's dictation, to the mother in distant Vermont—wrote and wrote, one of those farewell letters such as might well have wearied even a professional penman. When it was finished he rose:

"I will post this myself. Is there anything else I can do?"

The dying boy looked at him, his soul in his eyes.

"I do want to hold on to your hand," he said.

Lincoln silently resumed his seat and took the thin, wasted hand. For two full hours he sat with the dying boy's hand in his, until the end came. He bent over, crossed the dead boy's hands upon the still breast and left the hospital, tears on his cheeks even after he had passed beyond the doors.

Published among the articles that appeared immediately after Lincoln's assassination was one that included various recollections of him, gained during a six months' intimacy, by F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. There is preserved an anecdote which shows at once the heart and the wit of the man who could find a laugh in the midst of some of the most bitter reverses of the war, in which every fiber of his being was concerned.

Lieutenant Governor Ford, of Ohio, arriving at the White House at 8 o'clock in the evening for an important appointment with the President, saw in the vestibule a girl, poorly but neatly clad, who was sobbing as though her heart was breaking. Here was the abandonment of complete despair. The visitor had a heart in him. He asked her trouble.

The girl told how she and her brother came to the United States as immigrants some years previously. With the outbreak of the war her brother, little more than a boy, volunteered. In the army dissolute companions led him further and further from the path of discipline, until, finally, he deserted. Captured, he was sentenced to be shot.

The sister, at word of that fearful doom, induced some few people she knew to sign a petition for his pardon, and, with no influence whatever, hurried to the capital to implore mercy of the President. For two days she employed every means her inexperience could devise to secure the fateful interview. But work enough for half a dozen Presidents had left Mr. Lincoln under the necessity of being almost as strictly guarded from innocent petitioners as from dangerous cranks. The White House attendants had forbidden her any nearer approach, under penalty of arrest.

Mr. Ford's sympathy was enlisted.

"Come with me," he told her.

His name and appointment carried him, with her, to the office room reserved for such confidential meetings. Mr. Lincoln would see him within a few minutes.

"Now, my child," said the visitor, "muster all your courage. Sit back in this corner until Mr. Lincoln enters and greets me. Then push in between us and place your petition in his hand."

When the President entered and spoke to his visitor, the girl, visibly trembling at her daring, followed her instructions. Lincoln drew back for an instant at the rude intrusion; but a glance at her tear-stained face instantly induced a glance at her petition.

"Excuse me," he said to the Ohioan, "but there is dire need here."

NEEDED NO INFLUENCE

He sat and read the petition carefully, while the condemned soldier's sister, unable to bear the strain, began to sob afresh. The case was clear enough to the executive mind, from the grave nature of the offense to the character of the causes that led up to it. As he concluded his reading Mr. Lincoln looked the weeping girl over long and carefully, noting her neat but poor dress.

"My poor girl," he said at length, "you have come here with no governor, no senator, no member of Congress to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful, and"—his dry, quaint smile edging his wide mouth—"I see you don't wear hoops. So, I'll be switched if I don't pardon your brother this minute."

Which he straightway did.

It was Lincoln's practice often to go to the War Department for such dispatches as might have come in up to midnight, and, when anything important could be expected, the weather made no difference to him.

Any one who has been in the capital when a genuine cold wave strikes the East during the winter will recall that Washington can be pretty well as a refrigerator, for all its balmy reputation. It was one of the coldest of Washington nights when the President, wearing the shawl that was so well known as his favorite protection against the weather's inclemencies, stepped from the White House door and saw a sentry pacing back and forth.

"This is a cold job for you tonight," remarked the President. "Better step inside. You can stand guard there."

"My orders are to stand guard here, sir," responded the sentry.

"Well," said Lincoln, "you can do your duty just as well inside as out. You will oblige me by going in."

"My orders are for outside," answered the incorruptible sentry, and he resumed his tramp.

Lincoln hailed him, peremptorily, while a grim smile upon his face told of some curious circumstance that had occurred to his mind.

"Seems to me I remember that I am commander-in-chief of the army of these United States. I order you to go inside."

Which, in the way of exercising his authority, was as small an occasion as one other revocation of orders was a great one. Secretary Stanton was foremost in insisting upon absolutely strict discipline in the army, and there were plenty of commanders who knew how needful that discipline was. But the stern Stanton encountered in Lincoln as firm a friend of mercy as he was of justice. During the last year of the war the President once remarked:

"I've heard of the way the Patagonians eat shell fish. They eat and eat, and throw the shells out of the window, until the pile of shells is so high they can't see out of their houses." Placing a hand upon a huge stack of pardons: "I've been saving these shells until they say I can't see anything but pardons. I feel that, like the Patagonians, I'd like to move—and begin all over again."

Such an executive was bound, sooner rather than later, to come into direct conflict with colleagues who, immediately concerned with the dire consequences of condoning grave military offenses, discerned only the urgent need of discipline. After Chancellorsville charges were brought against several men who failed to march into battle when every man in their regiments was desperately needed.

Stanton told Joseph Holt, judge advocate general of the army, that the time was at hand when Mr. Lincoln must give way to their combined opinion. Judge Holt went to the President with the papers in all the cases perfectly clear and with arguments for the meting out of strict justice that seemed unanswerable. He reviewed the arguments and delivered the papers.

The President read them carefully, thought for a while and turned to Judge Holt with a face as grave and sad as was his voice:

"You admit, Holt, that these men have records for bravery. They have proved their courage, and now, for this first time, they have quailed. They should not be shot for a first offense."

Holt knew that Stanton would explode with wrath if he returned with a report that the President had again overturned the verdicts of the courts-martial, and that at a time when examples were urgently needed for the whole army. He resumed his argument, and Lincoln, as before, heard him in grave, sad silence. As Holt finished, the President rose and, turning upon him eyes that seemed to penetrate him, asked:

"Have you ever been in battle?"

"No; I have not."

"Has Stanton ever marched in the front rank, as those men have, to be fired upon by the enemy?"

"No; I think not."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I have. I tried in the Black Hawk war. I remember that once I grew so weak in the knees when the bullets whistled around me and I saw the enemy in front of me that I cannot now tell how my legs carried me forward. I thought every minute that I would sink to the ground.

"These men, here, were probably not able to march into battle. Who knows whether they were able to march? I am opposed"—and his face was as grave as though he were not uttering as curious an apothegm as was ever heard on the art of war—"to having soldiers shot for not facing danger when it isn't known whether their legs would carry them into it. Send this dispatch: it orders them to be set free."

In Philadelphia, a married man, whose wife had a baby, provided a substitute for the army, but subsequently became intoxicated, and while in that condition was persuaded to enlist. He thought it all over after he reached the army; concluded that, having furnished his substitute, he was square with the government, and deserted.

The government thought very differently. It hunted him out at his home, arrested him, tried him for desertion, convicted him and sentenced him to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday the heart-broken wife, her baby in her arms, went to Washington.

SAVED BY A BABY'S CRY

For three days she waited in vain to secure an interview with the President. It was late in the afternoon of the third day that Mr. Lincoln went through the back passageway to his private rooms and heard the cry of the baby. Tired as he was from a long siege of work, he returned at once to his office and rang for Daniel, the doorkeeper.

"Daniel," he demanded, "isn't there a woman out there with a baby?"

"Yes, sir," answered Daniel. "And I think you ought to see her. It's life or death."

"Send her to me at once."

Woman and baby went in, remained a few minutes and came out, the mother with tears of gratitude streaming from her eyes and her lips moving in prayer. The President had pardoned her husband.

It was that same week that a woman, in a faded shawl and hood, secured admission to Mr. Lincoln. Her husband and her three sons had enlisted.

"My husband has been killed," she told him. "Won't you release my oldest son? I haven't any one in the world but those three boys."

"Madame," answered the President, "if your prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys."

She took the release and hastened to the army. But there she found that the son for whose release her papers called had been wounded and, even then, was dying in a hospital. He died, and the attending surgeon made a memorandum of the facts on the back of the President's order. She returned to Washington and went straight to the White House. Mr. Lincoln read the surgeon's comment and heard her tragic story.

"I know what you have come for," he said. "You want your second son released."

He wrote it out, then and there, while she stood by with tears welling in her eyes. He gave her the release, saying:

"Now, of the two that are left, you have one and I have the other."

Thaddeus Stevens called on the President one day, accompanied by an elderly woman whose son in the army had been court-martialed.

"Mr. Stevens," asked the President, "do you think this is a case that warrants my interference?"

"With my knowledge of the facts and of the persons concerned," was the answer, "I should not hesitate to grant the pardon."

"Then," said Lincoln, "I will pardon him."

He made out the pardon and gave it to the anxious mother. She could not speak as she received it, nor was she able to utter a word until she and Mr. Stevens were well on their way to the street. Then she turned on her companion with excited vehemence, exclaiming:

"I knew it was a copperhead lie!"

"What was a lie?"

"Why, they told me he was an ugly man. He is the handsomest man I have ever seen in all my life."

If it was selfishness, it was a rare selfishness that inspired those pardons and respites. Schuyler Colfax went to him for one of them at night, when he was worn out with the exhaustions of a trying day. He heard the story, wrote the respite, and, looking at his visitor, said:

"Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline by my pardons and respites. But it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life. I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

LAMBERT COLLECTION

As Europe Viewed his Mercy:—"Freeing the Slaves;" A poster published in France and Germany.

Securing a Pardon for Her Brother

His Heart for Peace — A picture published in 1861.

LAMBERT COLLECTION

Lincoln's Plea for Universal Charity

His Second Inaugural Address

IN THE opinion of many persons, President Lincoln's second inaugural address deserves to rank almost with the famous Gettysburg speech.

An example of lofty use of the English language, it breathes throughout a spirit of charity and helpfulness that has added immensely to the author's reputation as a man of mercy. Following is the speech:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

"The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation.

"Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"Both could not be answered—those of neither have been fully answered. The Almighty has His own purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

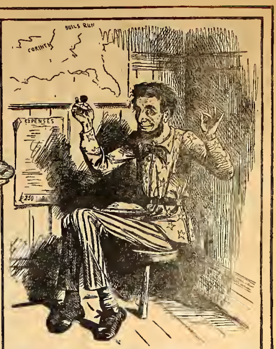
"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3000 years ago, so still it must be said 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

LINCOLN in CARTOON and CARICATURE

"Oberon and Titania"—an English Cartoon.

"Long Lincoln—Little Longer" after his Reelection in 1864.



"Little Jack Horner and the New Orleans Plum"—an English Cartoon of 1862.

"This Reminds Me of a Little Joke" Published in September, 1864.

"Darned Uncomfortable Sitting" An American Cartoon of 1861

How He Appeared Pictorially on Both Sides of the Atlantic

LINCOLN—whom the historians of nations have united to praise—was the most bitterly criticised, most maligned, most severely cartooned man of his times.

The cartoons published during his incumbency of the presidency tell a tale of misrepresentation and criticism that must have wounded the heart of the kind, honest and humane man who guided the nation's ship of state through a perilous storm of war.

In the days when Lincoln first ran for President cartooning had not reached its present advancement. Yet those who saw faults and foibles in his life, personal and official, did not lack the telling power of the pen to picture him for public ridicule.

In England, during the war, he was pilloried before the people by Punch most mercilessly; it seemed to vie in that respect with certain illustrated publications in America. If the shafts thus aimed at him hurt deeply no one ever knew; the great man was great enough to hide the wounds if there were wounds. Had he in some way been able to read the verses and encomiums published after his death, his heart would doubtless have been comforted.

LINCOLN bore criticism bravely. Of the cartoons published during his first and second presidential campaigns he took little apparent notice. Yet they did not lack in bitter sting.

Cartooning of Lincoln began during the campaign of 1860. Many of these represented him as a beardless young man. One portrayed him as being carried on a pole to a lunatic asylum on the back of Horace Greeley. Another represented him as in an oyster house, with the Democratic candidates, Douglas and Breckinridge, resting on two oyster shells before him; Lincoln saying: "These fellows have been planted so long in Washington that they are as fat as butter, and I hardly know which to swallow first."

A cartoon published March 2, 1861, pictured Lincoln as hoisted on the points of a number of bayonets, saying:

"Oh, it's all well enough to say I must support the dignity of my high office by force—but it's darned uncomfortable sitting, I can tell yer."

Another pictured a house being split down the middle, the sides labeled "North" and "South," and Lincoln kneeling before the imperiled structure with a bucket of "Union glue." This was entitled, "A Job for the New Cabinet Maker."

BITTERLY PICTURED ABROAD

During the war the sentiments of England as expressed in cartoons were extremely bitter. It became customary to picture the American President in scenes from Shakespearean plays adapted to the conflict. One, published in April, 1862, represented "Oberon Meeting Titania." Lincoln, clothed in a tunic made of an American flag, addressed Titania as follows:

"I do but beg a little nigger boy, to be my henchman."

Titania (or Miss Virginia), holding a little negro by her hand, replied.

"Set your heart at rest, the northern land bu's not the child of me."

Another, also published in 1862, bore the caption, "The New Orleans Plum." Lincoln was represented sitting in a corner, as Jack Horner, with a plum in his hand that he had drawn from a pie. On the wall of the room hung a map of the United States, marked with the names, "Bull Run" and "Corinth," and a list of expenses, aggregating £250,000,000. Underneath was the doggerel:

Big Lincoln Horner,
Up in a corner,
Thinking of humble pie,
Found under his thumb,
A New Orleans plum,
And said, what a cute Yankee am I

In contrast with the earlier cartoons it is noticeable that these pictured Lincoln with a beard. When he was elected to the presidency in 1860 he was beardless. During the four years that followed, men who knew him said he aged rapidly; in fact, when his first term drew to a close he looked fifteen or twenty years older than when he first assumed office. This change is noticeable in the cartoons of the period.

An English cartoon published in January, 1863, pictured Lincoln, dressed in soldier's uniform, handing his emancipation proclamation to a laughing negro. It was called a "Scene from the American 'Tempest.'" Lincoln was pictured as a lanky man, with an unkempt beard, holding a sword-sheath in one hand and the proclamation in the other. The negro—"Caliban"—who received the proclamation, pointing to a Confederate soldier standing beyond, said: "You beat him 'nough, massa! Berry little time I'll beat him, too."

A month later an American cartoon appeared, entitled "There's a Good Time Coming." This pictured Lincoln lying on a couch asleep. In his dream he saw himself chopping off the heads of various men in soldier's uniform, while those who passed on, their severed heads in their hands, were labeled "Fredericksburg," "Peninsula Campaign" and "Bull Run."

The following August appeared an English cartoon which had a wide circulation. In this Lincoln was pictured as Brutus, sitting in his tent, speaking to the ghost of Caesar—a negro. Lincoln's face was depicted as cruel, cold and grim. The negro ghost was coarse, defiant and sneering. When the ghost entered, Lincoln (Brutus) said:

"Well, now! Do tell, Who's you?" And the ghost (Caesar) replied:

"I am dy ebil genus, Massa Linking. Dis child am awful impressional."

Another cartoon of this period is called "One Good Turn Deserves Another." Lincoln was presenting a gun and knapsack to an unresponsive negro, who stood with arms folded, refusing the overture. Lincoln was supposed to say.

"Why, I du declare, it's my dear old friend, Sambo! Course, you'll fight for us, Sambo. Lend us a hand, old hoss, du!"

During the second campaign cartoons became unusually offensive. Many were printed on posters and liberally circulated. One which was widely spread throughout the country represented the President lying on a couch, dreaming that his opponent, McClellan, was entering the White House, while Columbia chased him from the portals. It was called "Abraham's Dream," and had a sub-caption: "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before." Lincoln, as he ran precipitately from the porticoed house, was saying: "This don't remind me of any joke."

There were at this time favorable cartoons, of course, one of which was probably among the first in which the game of baseball figured. It was called, "The National Game—Three 'Outs' and One 'Run.'" Abraham was pictured as winning the ball. A skunk appeared in the cartoon, and a player called the "Democratic National Club," was represented as running, while he held his nose, exclaiming:

"I guess I'd better leave for Kentucky, for I smell something strong around here, and begin to think that we are completely 'skunked.'"

Another favorable poster pictured Lincoln as a watchman coming along with a lantern in his hand and the opposing candidates around a corner trying to break their way into the White House.

At this time American cartoonists began to think more kindly of Lincoln, and a cartoon, published September 17, 1864, showed Lincoln sitting in a chair, with McClellan, as a diminutive man, standing in his hand. Lincoln was saying: "This reminds me of a little joke." There was a pleasant, half-reminiscent smile on the President's face.

After Lincoln was elected for his second term, the same magazine published a striking cartoon, called "Long Abraham Lincoln a Little Longer." This was a ludicrously elongated picture of the President, with a paper in his hand, telling of his re-election.

Until his death those who opposed Lincoln pictured him in many offensive ways. But when, with the firing of the fatal bullet in Ford's Theater, the great President was laid low, the tenor of the pictures changed. All was condolence and sorrow. Former critics began to express their regret. Their pens pictured Columbia weeping, a nation bowed in grief.

WHEN GRIEF SUCCEEDED the CARTOONISTS' SLURS

"Britannia Sympathises with Columbia" From London Punch May 6, 1865.

WHEN news of the cruel assassination in Ford's Theater reached England, pens that had been dipped in gall and wormwood to produce adverse pictures and comment in that country were at once employed to express Britain's sorrow and sympathy.

One of the most effective of these apologies is here presented; it was largely instrumental in bringing about a better feeling between the two nations.

THIS cartoon and its accompanying verses were published in London May 6, 1865, being entitled, "Britannia Sympathising With Columbia."

There can be no doubt of the sorrowing heart of Britannia as she stands by the couch of the noble dead, almost timidly laying a wreath upon the still form of the fallen President. In the action is expressed unutterable regret for all the unkindly slings and arrows of caricature and comment that had marked the recent years.

And by the simple couch his own country is represented by a weeping woman, inconsolable, bowed with anguish, sitting at the head; at the feet, his head buried in his heaving bosom, his clasped hands freed from the shackles of slavery, a negro, representing an emancipated race.

The verses accompanying the picture of grief are as follows:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Foully Assassinated, April 14, 1865

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril-jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true born king of men

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was liberty's and right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years
Ill-fate, ill feeling, ill-report, lived through
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood.

A felon hand, between the goal and him
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life cut short just as its triumph came

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

LINCOLN, THE STORY TELLER.

Anecdotes, Saws and Sayings that Made His Meaning Clear

LORD LYONS, punctilious diplomat, unmarried, England's minister at Washington, had called at the White House, as other ministers were calling in the other capitals of the world, to announce to President Lincoln the betrothal of the prince of Wales.

It was a very solemn occasion—one of the international ceremonies that called for all the dignity of diction and rotundity of phrase which an English minister could command.

Secretary Seward, with inward quakings as to the manner in which the plain Lincoln, learned more in the Bible than in the phrases of diplomacy, would reply, was, nevertheless, constrained to bear the minister company. Lord Lyons had his announcement cut the full width of the court cloth.

"May it please your excellency," he observed, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your excellency. In it she informs your excellency that her son, his royal highness the prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her royal highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

"Lord Lyons," returned Mr. Lincoln, with all due solemnity, "go thou and do likewise."

That rejoinder gained an international circulation. It is one example of the wit of Lincoln, which had always under it a tang of humor that was irrepressible.

A LINCOLN story has come more to mean, however, some anecdote that is pat to an emergency. Ever since the great man's death there have been industrious collectors of Lincoln stories—and, indeed, "Old Abe's Jokes, Fresh from Abraham's Bosom," made a fairly sizable volume before Booth's bullet cut short the career of the one man to whom the nation might well look for adequate solution of all the fearful problems consequent upon the Civil War.

The assiduity in collection has continued during the generations. Yet today it is doubtful whether even the most astute authority on Lincoln's life could vouch for the authenticity of many Lincoln stories universally accepted as his.

It is equally doubtful whether hundreds of pungent anecdotes, told around the world, do not belong, at least by right of sponsorship, to that foremost American raconteur.

About all the more well authenticated stories attributed to him there is a characteristic savor, unmistakable to the faithful student of his humor. He never hesitated to tell a story because the point of it cut into his own vanity—probably because, of all men, he had the least.

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LINCOLN was far from being a mere punster; yet occasion could bring from him a play on words, usually with a real laugh in it.

A New York firm, while he was practicing law in Springfield, wrote asking for the facts as to the financial standing of a neighbor. He replied as commendingly as he could:

"I am well acquainted with him, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there are three chairs worth, say, $1, and a table worth $1.50. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole, which is worth looking into.

"Respectfully,

"A. LINCOLN."

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It was always a mystery to President Lincoln's friends why he so resolutely sank political rivalries and did not hesitate to appoint to the highest offices within his gift men who were his most ambitious rivals. When he was re-elected his cabinet held one secretary, at least, who was notoriously a candidate for the presidential nomination. That particular cabinet office needed urgently an administration of the utmost energy; and that particular cabinet officer was giving it just the vigor its administration required. The political protests poured in. Lincoln finally gave his homely reasons for retaining his appointee:

"See here," he told one of his most protesting friends, "you were raised on a farm, weren't you? You ought to know what a chin-fly is. My brother and I were plowing corn once on a Kentucky farm; he held the plow while I drove the horse. Mighty lazy horse that, laziest you ever saw. But, all of a sudden, that horse dashed across the field so fast that even my long legs could hardly keep pace with him. When we reached the end of the furrow, I saw an enormous chin-fly on him, and knocked it off.

"'What did you do that for?' asked my brother.

"'Why,' I answered, 'I can't let that horse be bitten up.'

"'You can't, eh?' said my brother. 'Why, you numskull, that chin-fly was all that made him go.'

"Now," concluded the President, "if any member of the cabinet happens to have a presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm going to keep him and his chin-fly, too, if only the pair of them will plow the furrow quickly."

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PERHAPS no story of Lincoln's was told under graver conditions and with more emphatic application than that which closed the famous interview on the steamer "River Queen," at Hampton Roads, between Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Seward and the peace commissioners of the Confederacy. The discussion had reached its kernel, slavery.

The southern argument, in all its impressive force, was brought forward. If the South were to consent to a peace on the basis of emancipation of the slaves, the entire structure of southern society would be plunged into irremediable ruin. No work would be done, nothing would be cultivated, whites and blacks alike must starve, for the freed slaves, accustomed to overseers, would undoubtedly abstain wholly from labor.

The President waited for Seward to make some effective rejoinder. But the experienced statesman could find no cogent reply. At length, Lincoln framed the answer, in a story culminating in a phrase that gave common currency to a colloquialism coined among the log cabins of negroes and poor whites.

"Gentlemen," addressing the commissioners, "your statement of the conditions reminds me of a man out in Illinois, by the name of Case, who undertook to raise a very large herd of hogs. But, as they grew, it became too big a job to feed them. Finally he planted an immense field in potatoes, and, as soon as the potatoes were fairly grown, turned the whole herd into the field. The hogs did their own digging, and he leaned over the fence, proud of his idea. A neighbor came along.

"'Well, well, Mr. Case,' he remarked, 'this is a grand idea. But butchering time is 'way off in December, and the frost comes early. Before you are ready to kill those hogs, the ground will be frozen a foot deep.'

"Case scratched his head and thought it over, but there was only one answer, and he gave it.

"'I suppose it'll go pretty hard with their snouts; but all I can see for it is root, hog, or die.'"

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If the men of the Grand Army still survive by the thousand there must be survivors by the hundred from the ranks of those geniuses and wiseacres, who, during the long and terrible strain of the Civil War, devised infallible plans for ending the Confederacy in a jiffy. One of them was a farmer who succeeded in reaching the President after days of insistence. Lincoln, waylaid during some moments of his scant leisure, heard him with his usual patience, through the whole rigmarole of the plan. Then—

"I'll answer you with a story. There was a man in Chicago who never did a stroke of work in his life. One day he went wild over a jump in the price of wheat. He hurried off to a famous wheat speculator and laid before him a plan by which both of them should become rich before nightfall.

"'What do you think of that?' he demanded.

"'Well,' answered the grain operator, 'my advice is that you stick to your business.'

"'But,' asked the visitor, 'what is my business?'

"'Darned if I know,' rejoined the operator. 'But, whatever it is, you stick to it.'"

• • • • •

There were a number of amateur heroes who were convinced that their services were needed as officers in the army, previous experience counted for little in the estimation of most of them. Among the mass of applications that passed to the President for his review was one in which the writer modestly requested appointment to a generalship, and a quick one, at that.

It was unfortunate that he had not specified the brand of general he preferred, and a clerk was anxious to file it, at least, in its proper category. Lincoln supplied the missing detail. He wrote:

"Major General, I reckon. A. Lincoln."

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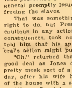

THE famous story of how the President refused a pass through the army lines to an applicant who had been refused by several members of his cabinet, on the score that he had very little influence with the administration, was paralleled, on a more important occasion, when General Phelps, early in the war, took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans. The general promptly issued a magniloquent proclamation, freeing the slaves.

That was something no general had the smallest right to do, but President Lincoln who was always cautious in any action that might have far-reaching consequences, took no notice of it. Finally, a friend told him that his apparent indifference to his general's action might put him in a false position.

"Oh," returned the President, "I feel about it a good deal as Jones did about his wife. He was a pretty meek sort of a man, and much henpecked. One day, after his wife had been seen driving him out of the house with a switch a friend said to him:

"'Jones, I've taken your part whenever any one declared you were a henpecked old idiot, but any man who lets his wife beat him ought to be horsewhipped.'

"Jones patted his friend on the back.

"'Don't you worry about me,' he rejoined. 'It didn't hurt me any; and you've no idea what a power of good it did my Sarah Ann.'"

• • • • •

Probably the most celebrated case of alleged misuse of public funds was that of Franklin W. Smith and his brother. It was generally believed that the two men had been brought before a military tribunal organized to convict them, to ruin their business, to pursue them relentlessly, if for no other reason than as examples to others. The President, when the case reached him, simply annulled the whole proceedings against them. The Boston Board of Trade, while no official record of the terms of his decision could be obtained from the State Department, received a report of the President's judgment that was generally accepted as being close to a verbatim transcript of Lincoln's words. It read thus:

"Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the Navy Department to the amount of $1,125,000; and, whereas, he had the chance to steal $250,000, and was charged with stealing only $2200—and the question now is about his stealing $100—I don't believe he stole anything at all. Therefore, the records and findings are disapproved—declared null and void, and the defendants are fully discharged."

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IT WAS said of Lincoln at the bar that, when he thought he was wrong, he was the weakest lawyer his colleagues ever saw. In one case, closely contested, he had proved an account for a client whom the opposing counsel speedily exposed as an unmitigated rascal, even to the production of a receipt for all the indebtedness Lincoln had claimed as being due.

Lincoln quietly vanished from the courtroom. The judge, before giving his decision, sent for him to appear, as counsel for his client.

"Tell the court," said Lincoln, when the messenger found him at the neighboring hotel, "that I can't come over. That case has left my hands so dirty that I must stay here to clean them."

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The "war Governors" of the various states had their pet peculiarities, and sometimes the air of the White House and the departments was none too pleasant during their visits to Washington. One state Governor, filled to the brim with wrath over troubles incident to the drafts in his commonwealth, went to Washington and "had it out" first with Secretary Stanton, to a huge increase in his ire. After a stormy interview such as Stanton alone could supply on demand, the Governor betook himself to the President, prepared to make the administration respect what he conceived to be his rights and those of his fellow-citizens.

Three hours passed, while James B. Fry, who described the occurrence, watched and waited for the outcome. At length the Governor emerged, smiling and happy. Mr. Fry went in to the President.

"Well," he remarked, "I see you have sent the Governor away satisfied. Did you have to concede very much to him?"

"I conceded nothing," Mr. Lincoln responded. "I simply worked around him, and took three hours doing it. And all the time I was doing it, I was in mortal fear that he would find out what I was doing. I reminded myself of a farmer out West. He had a big log lying in the middle of his best field, and all his neighbors wondered how he would manage it. But before long there was his crop growing as fine as you please, and the farmer was as happy as could be. They asked how he had got rid of the log.

"'Why,' said he, 'that durn log was too big to haul and too knotty to split and too soggy to burn. So I just plowed around it.'"

BURNSIDE'S position and its dangers were uppermost in the public mind, when a telegram reached the President, as he was talking with a group of people, that announced:

"Firing heard in the direction of Knoxville!"

"I'm glad of it!" declared Lincoln, as he passed the dispatch to those around him.

But they, knowing as he did the perils that beset Burnside, were amazed at his sang froid.

"Why, you see," the President explained, with a smile none too joyous, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very big family. Sometimes one of her children would be heard crying in an out-of-the-way place, and then Mrs. Sallie would exclaim,

"'Thank the Lord, there's one of my children ain't dead yet!'"

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They were wont to tell it of Lincoln that he was less confident of his election for his second term than he was of the first, and they told, too, of the graphic manner in which he phrased his doubts. The story of old Jake Tullwater, of whom the voters reminded him, is more pat today for certain aspects of charity than it was then for the Lincoln campaign.

Old Jake had a fever, and, delirious, he imagined the last day was come, and he was required to judge the world. He had some rather coherent ravings, Lincoln explained, although he gave question and answer in his own fevered tones and dealt out justice only to those of his neighbors whose names occurred to him.

"Chon Schmidt, you com' mal hier! Vass pees you in der veldt?"

"Me? I pees a miller."

"So-o-oh? Vell, Chon, dit you effer dake too much toll?"

"Oh well, ven der water vas low, undt der shdones dull, maype it vas I dit dake too much toll."

"So-oh! Chon, you musd go to der left, mit der goats."

One after another, old Jake called up his neighbors, until he came to himself.

"Chake Tullwater, com' mal hier! Vell Chake, vat pees you in der veldt?"

"Me? I pees a miller."

"So-o-oh! Vell, Chake, dit you effer dake too much toll?"

"Ach, yes—ven der water vas low, undt der shdones vas dull, maype I dit dake too much toll."

"Ach, Chake—ach, mein poor Chake—Chake, vot you do mit dot toll?"

"Me? I gif him to der poor."

"So? Vell, Chake, you kin slide right in amongst de sheep. But, Chake, Chake—id vos a tam tight squeeze."

• • • • •

Lincoln's powerful good sense always enabled him to judge the man instead of the clothes, despite popular notions that he preferred talent in plain homespun to talent in broadcloth. But sometimes his insight let him emphasize the distinction he habitually made between the clothes and their wearer.

He had appointed to a South American consulate an Ohio young man who was very much the dandy. The appointee, dressed in gorgeous style, was on his way to the White House to thank the President for his appointment, when he encountered an acquaintance who liked a joke as well as he knew the tropics.

"Sorry for you, awfully sorry," he told the rejoicing young consul. "Why, down there, they have bugs that'll bore holes clean through you before you've been consul a week."

It took out of the appointee all the starch except what he had in his shirt. When he saw the President, it was a downcast visitor who said to Lincoln:

"Mr. President, I can't say I'm so very glad of this appointment, after all. Why, I hear they have bugs down there that are liable to eat me up inside of a week."

Lincoln meditated; then—

"Well, young man, if they do, they'll leave behind a mighty good suit of clothes."

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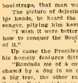

IT was on one of his most tragic nights, when news of the Union defeat at Fredericksburg reached him, that the official messenger who brought the news of the reverse saw how Lincoln, in the midst of his most profound anxieties, preserved his cheering quality of humor. If ever man was able to lift himself by his bootstraps, that man was Lincoln.

The picture of dejection, his head resting heavily on his hands, he heard the disheartening story. The messenger, pitying him keenly, added:

"I wish it were better news. I wish I could tell you how to conquer the South; or, at least, how to get rid of it."

Up came the President's dejected head, and across his homely features flitted the familiar smile.

"Reminds me of a couple of Illinois boys who were chased by a dog in an orchard. One of them climbed a big tree, the other ran around it. He ran so fast that he kept gaining on the dog until he could catch hold of his tail. He hung on until his strength was going. Then he yelled to the other boy:

"'Come on down and help!'

"'Help how?' yelled the boy up the tree.

"'I need you to help me let this darn dog go.'"

• • • • •

One of the most humorous traditions of the White House was among the least known, until Lincoln became President; after that, launched as one of his "stories," it went from end to end of the land.

When Tyler was President, he had a trip to make and sent his son, Bob, to arrange for a special train. The railroad superintendent was a bitter Whig.

"This road," he told the younger Tyler, "doesn't run special trains for the President or for anybody else."

"Didn't you furnish a special for the funeral of General Harrison?"

"You bet we did," was the emphatic response; then, heartily—"And look here: You bring your father here in the same condition as General Harrison was, and I'll give him the best train on the road, gladly."

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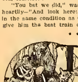

THE remarkable satisfaction which Lincoln took in Grant's silent, dogged persistence after the heart-breaking delays on the part of the leaders who had preceded him, is a matter of popular knowledge. But it was General Grant himself who made a memorandum of the Lincoln story which may have been the real origin of Grant's uncomplaining doggedness and remarkable resolution in achieving his results with the men that were given him.

He said that, when Mr. Lincoln gave him his commission as lieutenant general, the President observed:

"I'd like, at this time, to tell you a little story. The animals were at war among themselves, and one side had a lot of trouble securing a commander. At length, they concluded that a monkey would about fill the bill, and asked him whether he would take charge of the army.

"Jocko said he thought he could command it pretty well if only he had a little more tail. So the animals thought it over, and spliced more tail to him. He gazed at his increased tail admiringly, and said he would consider now what was best to be done.

"After a while, he explained that the real trouble lay in the fact that his tail was too short still. The animals had to have their general, so they spliced on more tail for him. He was mighty well pleased. But, on reflection he was convinced he needed more tail yet. They found more for him.

"By this time they were winding coils of tail around his neck. And still they couldn't satisfy that monkey general. He kept on calling for more tail, and they kept on supplying more tail, until he simply broke down under the weight of his adornment and military supplies."

"I understood the application of the story," added General Grant, "and I replied.

"'Mr. President, I will not call for assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have.'"

• • • • •

IT WAS James B. Fry who was selected to act as escort and companion to Mr. Lincoln when he went from Washington to participate in the celebration of the first anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. When Mr. Fry arrived, the carriage was at the White House door, but the President was still unprepared for departure. When, at length, he did appear, Mr. Fry remarked:

"I am afraid you will have to hurry, there is scarcely time to get there."

Lincoln smiled easily and rejoined:

"We'll be there in time. Out in Illinois the sheriff was taking a convict to the gallows and the people, all eagerness to see the execution, kept crowding the sheriff and his prisoner, pushing and shoving to reach the foot of the gallows, until the convict called out to them:

"'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry. There won't be any fun until I get there.'"

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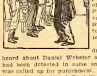

IT was a bright May morning in Washington when the Sunday school children of Washington were marching through the portico on the north side of the White House. President Lincoln watched the scene for some little time and then turned to his companions, with the remark:

"These school children recall a story I heard about Daniel Webster as a boy at school. He had been detected in some small school offense, and was called up for punishment. That was the old-fashioned 'ferruling'—and Daniel's hands happened to be very dirty. So he spat vigorously on his right hand and conscientiously wiped it off on his breeches.

"'Give me your hand, sir,' the teacher commanded sharply.

"Daniel presented the right hand, with its schoolboy wash. The teacher studied its shocking lights and shades, and announced:

"'Daniel, if you will find another hand in this school as filthy as that, I will let you off this time.'

"Daniel promptly produced his left hand for inspection.

"'Here it is, sir,' he answered.

"And the teacher let him off."

• • • • •

The nomination of two separate tickets by the Democratic party's northern and southern sections in 1860 elicited from Mr. Lincoln the comment.

"I must say I believed the politicians who told me that the two factions of the Democrats could be harmonized, but I always had my doubts about either one being able to find a foundation for its harmony in the other. Reminds me of a good, religious man named Brown, who was a member of a committee, as sober and pious as he was, for the building of a bridge over a dangerous river out West.

"One bridge builder after another pronounced the job impossible, until Brown went to see Jones, who had built a number of bridges, and never failed in any contract he undertook. On Brown's recommendation the solemn committee called in Jones.

"'Mr. Jones,' they asked him, 'can you build this bridge?'

"'You bet I can,' declared Jones. 'I can build a bridge to hades, if you want one.'

"The committee was profoundly shocked. So was Brown; but he had only less faith in Jones than the politicians had in Democracy.

"'Gentlemen,' he exclaimed, 'I know Mr. Jones so well, and he is so honest a man and so good a bridge builder, if he states positively he can build a bridge to—to—ahem—I believe him. But I feel bound to say I have my doubts about the foundations on the infernal side of it.'"

• • • • •

THE QUESTION as to what should be done with the members of the Confederate government was one that was an absorbing topic of discussion, and, whatever the final decision was to be, for a long time the heat of public rancor appeared whenever the topic arose. Nowhere was it more wrathfully moot than in the capital, and in Lincoln's own cabinet the subject was one that was prone to leap upward like fire, until the habitual Lincoln magnanimity quenched the recurring blaze, often with characteristic humor.

"What," was the question most frequently asked, "is to be done with Jeff Davis?"

"Well," answered Mr. Lincoln, "there was a boy in Springfield once who saved up his money and bought a coon. After the novelty wore off, his pet became a great nuisance. One day, leading the coon through the streets, his clothes half torn off and his hands bleeding from the onslaughts of the little vixen, the boy sat down on a curbstone, fagged out.

"'What's the matter, sonny?' inquired a man who was passing.

"'Oh,' answered the boy, 'this coon is such a trouble to me.'

"'Why don't you lock him up?'

"'Hush,' answered the boy. 'Don't you see he's gnawing off his rope? I'm going to wait till he does it, and then I'll go home and tell the folks he got away from me.'"

• • • • •

A gentleman named Shrigley, of Philadelphia, had been nominated for the post of hospital chaplain. He was a Universalist, and a delegation from his home city called on President Lincoln to protest against the appointment.

"We are here to ask you," the chairman announced, "to withdraw Mr. Shrigley's nomination."

"For what reason?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, sir, Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological views."

"Ah! He is unsound as to what points?"

"For one thing, he does not believe in eternal punishment, for another, he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved."

"Gentlemen," asked Mr. Lincoln solemnly, "is that the fact?"

"It is," the whole committee rejoined.

"Well, if he does believe that, and if there's any way under heaven by which the rebels can be saved, why, for God's sake and the rebels' sake, let the man act as chaplain."

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A reverent man, but chary of committing himself to religious forms, Mr. Lincoln was amenable enough to that great current of popular opinion which so earnestly and so constantly deprecated the smallest lowering of the morality of the army—and had such continuous incitements to deprecation. He was willing to issue orders urging decent behavior in camp on Sunday and condemning profanity at all times. At length it appeared that the gravest desecration of the Sabbath which was possible for the Union armies was for them to engage in battle on the Lord's day. So an eminent theologian called on the President to make personal protest.

Mr. Lincoln, as usual, listened attentively and respectfully. When the full argument had been stated, he glanced upward with a smile, and observed:

"Do you know that this administration is in entire accord with those sentiments?"

"I am more than gratified to hear it," answered the good clergyman.

"Yes, indeed, and there is only one other influence now, that you need bring to bear in order to stop the pernicious practice of fighting battles on Sunday."

"What is it, Mr. President?"

"Why, just see the Confederate generals, and get them to let our soldiers alone."

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DURING one of the public receptions at the White House, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia used it as the occasion for demanding that the President attend immediately to his claim for reimbursement for some hay and a horse that had been levied on by Union soldiers.

"But, my friend, if I were to take up such cases during such a war I could make work for twenty Presidents."

But the farmer was persistent; his loss obscured, in his eyes, all the emergencies of the government and the war. The President had to revert to the recourse of his frontier days.

"See here, friend," he observed, "your case and mine remind me of what happened to a husky old Illinois riverman I used to know. From being a mighty good raftsman, he got the job of being captain on a steamboat.

"He knew the river well, and he could trust only his own hands at the wheel when his boat went through the rapids. One day the old craft was plunging and wallowing in the boil of the waters, and her captain was hanging on to the wheel for dear life, when a boy pulled his coat-tail anxiously.

"'Say, Mr. Captain,' said the boy, 'I wish you'd stop your boat for a minute, I've lost my apple overboard.'"

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A FRIEND, a prominent Illinois judge, and Lincoln were bantering each other as to their knowledge of horses.

"'Tell you what, judge,' Lincoln quoted himself as saying, 'I'll test this thing with a real horse trade. I'll go it blind, too. Each of us must go, now, and bring his horse; and we are to swap even. If either of us refuse the exchange, he must forfeit $25.'

"The judge agreed. A crowd assembled while we sought the horses. By and by the judge arrived with his—the boniest, most swayhacked, foundered, galled jade, blind in both eyes, that I ever saw. I followed, with the carpenter's horse I'd relied on. Everybody roared, but I knew the joke was on me.

"'Judge,' I told him, 'I'll stand by the bargain—but it's the first time I've ever got the worst of it in a horse trade.'"

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HE did know horses, he learned them in a hard school. In his earlier years he had a political convention to attend, and that in a hurry. The only liveryman in the place favored the opposition, and took good care to harness up the slowest animal he had in the stable.

Nevertheless, Lincoln reached the convention in time, for he could have got speed out of the carpenter's horse he offered the judge. But when he returned he owed the liveryman only backhanded thanks which he duly gave:

"Keep this horse for funerals, I suppose."

"No, not a bit of it," answered the liveryman, with an air of injured innocence.

"Mighty glad of that—mighty glad," declared Lincoln, pleasedly. "If you did you'd never get the corpse to the grave in time for the resurrection."

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He was as pungent at a cabinet meeting as he was in politics or when "riding circuit." There was more than enough anxiety over the greenback issue, and, when the notes were determined on, the question of the familiar legend, "In God We Trust," came up for discussion. Should the government use the legend on the greenbacks?

"Well," remarked the President, "if you are determined to put some legend on them, why not quote from Peter and Paul, and be frank about it—'Silver and gold we have not, but what we have we'll give you.'"

His First View of a Slave Market

WHEN a young man, Lincoln made a flatboat journey down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, where he remained, living among the rough boatmen of the water front for a month.

New Orleans was then a rapidly growing city, a center of the slave industry and here, for the first time, in all its repellant aspects, Lincoln saw the slave market.

One day he left the flatboat where he had been working and wandered along the river. A crowd attracted him, and he bent his way toward the multitude of eager, craning people—and then he stopped transfixed. Indignation, pity, terror, seized his soul. There, in the midst of the hard, coarse-featured men, stood a young girl—not a negress with the black skin and gnarled face of far Africa, but a mulatto, with white blood in her veins, one of the most beautiful of those unfortunate slaves.

An auctioneer was crying out her capabilities, extolling the firmness of her limbs, her good health and disposition, in a loud, bawling voice. And the girl stood there, confused for shame, her head downcast. Ever thereafter Lincoln hated slavery. "This sight" declared his cousin John Hanks, "ran its iron into him."

To the day of his death Abraham Lincoln respected and revered women; it was a religion with him. And how many pardons were granted by the rough and kindly man, when, later, broken-hearted wives and mothers and sweethearts sought him in his high office in the White House! How many women thereafter blessed his name!

Recalling young Lincoln at that auction sale, one remembers, too, the story of the woman who knelt to him in gratitude after he had pardoned one she loved, and how he said, flushing, "Get up; don't kneel to me, but thank God and go." Some who knew him declared the memory of the girl with the rose-red and rose-white face remained with him then—a memory burning like a star in a night of sorrow.

The Philadelphia of Our Ancestors

Conducted by Frank Willing Leach

OLD PHILADELPHIA FAMILIES LXXXVII LEWIS

THE name of Lewis belongs to the patronymic class of surnames, which, with a general characteristic of all nationalities, are almost the only system of nomenclature in vogue among the Welsh, who, when the period arrive when the adopting of surnames, usually connected to suit the Christian name of the father, as of Lewis ap Lewis from the above nationality, D. Jones ap Lewis and Lewis ap Jenkins, Thomas ap Lewis, as added, it is undoubtedly Thomas ap Lewis ap Jenkins.

Among Philadelphians we prefer to conclude that only such families as Welsh, Cadwalader, Evans, Morgan, Pidgeon, Williams, etc., represent the distinctive old families of the Quaker City, simply because of their comparative uncommonness, due to the fact that, as a rule, in tracing these surnames we meet with except descendants of the founders of the particular families so closely identified with the early history of Philadelphia.

This, of course, is a radical error. Numerous other names have arrived because of the pressure, with which we are familiar, and, as a rule, have adapted themselves to distinguished as those aforementioned, and only to slightly inferior to the Welsh, Quaker, Dutch and English families in the south of Lewis.

Thomas William Lewis following the great war, in 1805, 1807, at the demand, carried the name, brought into the business of information, and sent into the back ground of oblivion, the Welsh name of Lewis.

Among the early Colonial pioneers who favorably impressed with a representative made by Penn and to secure several new lands for their activities in the Quaker province, were not a few persons bearing the name of Lewis. As the Christian name of Lewis has been so all the surnames of Lewis were also in persons bearing the surnames of Lewis were also in slender proportion. This was with certain of the early Lewis's who settled in Pennsylvania. Indeed it is proposed to include in this series as articles detailed of one or more specially defined family's bearing this surnames quite unconnected with one another in all particulars.

Among the Welsh Quakers to whom William Penn's advertisements were strongly appealed there were three brothers, Ralph, David and William Lewis, who were sons of the parish of Llanwenarth, Monmouthshire, Wales. Just who their parents were is not definitely known, but it is generally accepted, or assigned authority has established that they were sons of John Lewis and the parish of Llanwenarth. Another investigation, however, has, of course, established the fact that John Lewis, of Llanfihangel, Llanfihangel, in the parish of Llanfihangel, Abergavenny, Thomas Lewis, who was tenant of Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, and the distinguished family of that section, known as the "Lewis of Llanfihangel." Thomas Lewis died, leaving about 1690 four adopted the family surname.

FIRST IN CHESTER COUNTY

Of the three brothers, Ralph Lewis, who came in the Delaware was Ralph Lewis, who came over about 1681, but in the year the province was granted, and upon him, or his offspring, as they were identified with the history of the province, particularly that within out of which Delaware county was subsequently formed, we have to look for the ancestors of Delawares, however, will therefore be briefly made to other descendants of Ralph Lewis, who, in the day, is a man of great distinction, and, moreover, a resident of Philadelphia.

David Lewis, another of the brothers, came over about 1682 and settled in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and, as a result, the ancestor of a Virginian, who died leaving numerous descendants. It would be quite outside the scope of this sketch to follow the descendants of this line.

William Lewis, probably the youngest of the three brothers, and the ancestor of certain of the Philadelphia Lewis's of the present day, came over in 1683 and lived in Lewis Wales for the new world. There he was generally a very interesting letter written by him, dated Gian-an Abbreviation of Evan-John-Jenkins, 1684, to his brother, Ralph Lewis, then in Pennsylvania, to follows:

Dear Brother Ralph Lewis:

My love unto thee and all the family before. This is to let thee know that I have received thy letter, and I rejoiced at thy good health, and I am glad that thou art in good health, and I am well, and my wife and my children, and all the rest of the family. I have received thy letter a week ago, and I have received thy letter a week ago, and I have received thy letter a week ago, and

MEMORIES of LINCOLN in PHILADELPHIA RELICS

Dictionary and Footstand Used in this New Office

The Lincoln Funeral Train Entering Philadelphia

Lincoln's Dinnerware and Lamp Used in the Room Occupied by His Entire Legal Library

Hickory Chair in Which Lincoln was Sitting When he Received News of his First Nomination for the Presidency

Valuable Collections That Are Owned in This City

IN THE possession of two prominent Philadelphians are some of the most valuable relics of Lincoln in existence. These objects, which were used or produced by the great President, were fittingly located in a city which was held in such high regard by him.

Imagine holding in your hand the small wooden inkwell which Lincoln used in his Springfield law office, and from which he dipped ink to write one of his most famous speeches!

Think of sitting in the old hickory chair in which Lincoln sat when he received the news of his first nomination for the presidency, or on the sofa he sat in his home!

Few lovers begins their career with so few books as Lincoln had, few men ever learned so much from a small library. "With what pride must not Philadelphia regard the magic, if they may so call it, of the corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, with which Lincoln prepared for his splendid career!

Of great romantic and historical interest as well are other relics, including furniture, books and personal belongings of the martyred President, in the possession of Major William H. Lambert and William Potter—the Potter collection being jointly owned by the Fairmoun estate. These two Philadelphia collections are generally regarded as being the most valuable in the country.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN came to Philadelphia three times during his brief stay in office, he attended a reception which necessitated Mrs. Lincoln's Taylor for the gondoliers; in June, 1861, before assuming his presidency, in February, 1861, and when he attended the Sanitary Fair, June, 1864.

After his dramatic journey in Pardo Theater, Washington, the body of the martyred President was left in this city, and a word is made in Independence Hall, where it remained from April 22 to April 24, 1865.

Philadelphia and its people were always dear to the great President's heart, and Lincoln endeavored himself to local Philadelphians, it is fitting that so many Lincoln relics should be found here.

In an office at the northwest corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets are a number of relics of furniture that were used in his house in Springfield. There are two bookcases, a table, a dictionary stand, a lamp, and a chair with the big initials of prominent lawyers of Lincoln. There are documents and letters written by Lincoln, themselves, through this museum.

These relics, in the office of William Potter, former ambassador to Italy, are owned jointly by him and the Fairmoun estate. They were purchased in 1904, when the Lincoln memorial collection was placed on sale in this city after the exhibit at the Worlds Fair in Chicago. Many other years purchased by Major William H. Lambert, who possesses the largest library of Lincoln in the world.

In the office of Mr. Potter is an old sofa of antique mahogany upholstered in brocade. This sofa was made for Lincoln in 1859 in Springfield, Ill. It was made especially for his order by Daniel T. Rankin, and was used in Lincoln until February, 1861.

A FAVORITE HICKORY CHAIR

There is also in possession of Mr. Potter an old hickory chair. It is a crude affair, made of hickory wood, with a hickory bottom. For many years this chair rested in a newspaper office in Springfield, "on account of its peculiar association with Mr. Lincoln was often a visitor at the office, and no matter how intense the news of the moment, he always seemed to be at his ease. He was sitting in it when the news of his first nomination for the presidency came."

There is also a mahogany and hickory table and a long list of furniture which stands on a pedestal and has two drawers. One can imagine Lincoln sitting up by the table in her home, her sewing before her, tired and anxious, the fire burning, and, perhaps, in the law office, in a parlor table of mahogany covered with cushions of brown damask and with the original old-fashioned bits of furniture that graced parlors in those days.

Even more interesting is Lincoln's bookcase and library. The bookcase is a crude unpolished affair of five shelves. But north the law library! There are sixty twelve works—all the books that Lincoln possessed—and the top shelf of the case is devoted to contain them. The old frayed, buttoned volumes, each containing the autograph of Lincoln, were used when he practiced law before the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, four volumes of Kent's Commentaries on American Law, Justice's Law of Landlord and Tenant, Story's Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence, two volumes of Story's Law of Contract, Wharton's Treatise on Criminal Law, Rolle's Treatise, Chitty's Pleas, the law of Railways and Stephen's Treatise on the Principles of Pleading.

In the early days when the practice of Lincoln's firm were extremely low-at low, indeed, that many of his clients defaulted because they would have him impeached, in a glass frame on the wall of Mr. Potter's office is a receipt for a fee which Lincoln received in 1858 for a case he tried. The receipt is for $10 and reads as follows:

Received of Mr. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., Dec. 1, 1858, $10 in full for services in the case of Hiram Rhodes vs. Illinois Central Railroad for $5000.

Lincoln was also a wide writer to Lincoln to all officials of the road, who had asked him to whether it would be advisable to build a road in October 3, 1855, and more.

Neither the owner of Mr. Potter nor any one in Lincoln's family would part with the relics, it is stated, if offered to the highest bidder. They are valued at thousands, if one desire to make an estimate of their value, and it is stated that the owner would not sell them even for an offer of this.

Lincoln's Dinnerware and Lamp Used in the Room Occupied by His Entire Legal Library

Sofa and Chair that Formed Part of the Parlor Furniture in the Springfield Home

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Feb. 1, 1864

Dear William:

Your of January 8th is just received. Do not let your mind be worried about the money matter. We are made happy to know that you have sent us a letter of inquiries from Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade, Gen. Sherman, and Gen. Sheridan.

Yours truly,
A. Lincoln

A Characteristic Lincoln Letter in the Potter Collection

Mrs. Lincoln

On the wall hangs a check for $250 signed by Mr. Bergman as a retainer fee to Lincoln. This note gives with the understanding that [illegible] was decided he should receive $1000 more.

Lincoln was a frequent visitor to the Supreme Court and was in December, 1858.

Lincoln was had spent much more time and labor on the case than he expected, Lincoln presented a bill for $1000 to the superintendent of the road, who was in charge in the absence of Mr. Bergman. Payment was refused. The superintendent—General George B. McClellan—believed that "it was as much as a first-class lawyer should charge for his services."

Mr. Lincoln brought suit, and here, for, though a copy of his bill, which was presented to the road, is available here appended, was certified that the charge was not unreasonable. Those who signed the certificate were Grant Goodrich, E. D. Judd, Archibald Williams, N. H. Purple, O. H. Browning and D. A. Blackwell.

After a Supreme President, Mr. Lincoln refused to accept the fee, and it was finally given by Lincoln to Mr. Bergman. Mr. Potter possesses a letter written by Lincoln to Mr. Bergman dated February 3, 1859, which runs:

Dear William: Your of January 8th is just received. Do not let your mind be worried about the money matter. We are made happy to know that you have sent us a letter of inquiries from Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade, Gen. Sherman, and Gen. Sheridan. Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's first appointment as President was a note asking the secretary of the treasury to see the wife of Bergman, and recommending that the wife be given work which employment. The note was written on the back of the card of Mr. General Winfield Scott, who had just died. No paper bring sandy Lincoln used this to write the introduction.

At the home of Major William H. Lambert at Germantown, is the blotted which Lincoln used in his Springfield law office. Major Lambert's gone-use two cases, one of which was given by Lincoln to the Rev. Phineas D. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, which the President often attended. The other case from a silver inscription, "Presented to Abraham Lincoln by his old friend, A. Gurney, 1860." On the tips of the case are silver tips with letters spelling "Abraham." After Lincoln's death one case was given to Frank Carpenter by Mrs. Lincoln.

In a fire which destroyed a great portion of the collection in 1894 a desk, bookcase and tables which belonged to Lincoln were destroyed. Major Lambert has preserved the scorched remains of a chair belonging to Lincoln, which was saved.

Major Lambert possesses a number of books which were used by the President. They are "Angell on Limitations," "Angell on Carriers," "Angell on Tide." "Blackstone's Middle Ages," a dictionary of Congress and the works of William Pitney, D. D. Pitney is also a curious, time-worn, brown little volume—a dictionary for pedestrians. Lincoln was a pedestrian, presumably, in Lincoln works. "Dictionary for a Lincoln Attic, and Lincoln's Dictionary" is the title of it.

Major Lambert, who has devoted many years in gathering Lincoln relics, possesses the most complete collection of Lincoln relics and pictures in the country. In his possession are more than 600 sermons delivered on Lincoln, some of them in German, French, Hawaiian, Spanish, Japanese, Russian, Danish and Scandinian. He also possesses lives of Lincoln in French, Dutch, Spanish and German. His library of Lincoln books numbers 1500 volumes.

In Major Lambert's home are many portraits and busts of Lincoln. He has commissioned the sculptor, carpenter published from 1860 to 1866.

Major Lambert's home is a museum of relics, the big, old, rambling, old-fashioned house in which he lives and he added to his library gradually, year by year.

Many persons can still recall President Lincoln's visit to this city and the flag-raising in Independence Hall. Many will remember how, when he entered the flag-raising came, Lincoln grasped the halyards and pulled the flag up to the top of the staff, and the words of Philadelphia's "Bulletin" of that afternoon across the square where the halyards, and a tall man pulled the halyards of a new nation.

This will recall, too, Lincoln's expression of gratitude at the station, and remarkable prophecy, the record of his speech before the Legislature at Harrisburg, on the occasion of the same day, in which he said:

"I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning in the city of Philadelphia. Under the conduct of prominent citizens I was for the first time allowed the privilege of mingling in the old Independence Hall, to have a new work in it, consecrated to my mind, and spoken to me as only it can, by its very existence, and remarkable, I confess, the record of his speech before the Legislature at Harrisburg, on the occasion of the same day, in which he said:

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AN OMEN OF SUCCESS

"Besides this, our friends there had provided magnificent flag of the country. They had written, I am sure, I was given the honor of raising it—I mean, it was, I was pleased that it was my place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, it flashed gloriously to the wind, without an accident, the silken folds unfolding themselves in the manner I could not help hoping that there was, in the entire success of that beautiful occurrence, at least something of an omen of what is to come.

"Perhaps I may be mistaken, as I often have felt, in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble participator, but I felt that there was, in the whole of this arrangement and circumstances, a kind of hand applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it, that there was in the hearts of the people who had arranged it and of I can have this belief, enough of the spirit of the Revolution to inspire, I think the flag of our country will yet be raised to the same end.

"My feelings this morning, of the prudence of Old Lincoln when this city. This was during the Sunday morning, I was in the city of Philadelphia, and the people of Philadelphia attend the services in Christ Church, appointed Bishop Simpson to act as minister of worship. Bishop Simpson was a Methodist."

On the end journey to Springfield, in April 1861, the train was stopped at Lancaster, Pa., and Lincoln was taken to the Lancaster County Court House in Independence Hall where more than 20,000 persons came to pay tribute to the martyred President.

The Philadelphia of Our Ancestors.

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE.)

Wistarina, a member of City Council, the sentinel in the Federalists for Congress in 1812, 1816.

Dr. Caspar Wistar married Miss Sarah Penrose Morris, daughter of Captain James and Phebe Jones Griffitts. Bergmann, who was born March 1, 1798, and died May 31, 1879, twenty years after his death, of her husband, which took place March 12, 1858. They children: Caspar Wistar, Jr., Sarah Griffitts, Elizabeth Morris, Phebe Jones, Montgomery and Frances. The oldest daughter married Dr. Thomas Dwight Ingersoll, the fourth Penrose, of the oldest Philadelphia family in the Penna—presented to The North American of April 26, 1908, Mrs. Pennington two surviving grandsons are Mrs. Griffitts, Mr. Phe—sweet, and Mrs. Robert W. Smith, Mrs. Pennington's daughter, Mrs. Robert W. Smith, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte Smith, and Frances Lewis, married Professor Robert E. Rogers, M. D. Mrs. Rogers, daughter of Mrs. Pennington, married Dr. Thomas Dwight Ingersoll, Jr., of Boston.

Mrs. Lewis, the second of the adult sons of Mr. Lewis, married Miss Sarah Griffitts, the daughter of a Quaker commercial family of Philadelphia, in the civic and non-public affairs. He was elected a member of the Select Council, in 1812, 1813, 1814, and was for a time treasurer of Girl Female Orphan Asylum, served as a manager of the Pennsylvania Hospital, and was a member of the Philadelphia Bar Association. He was a member of the Philadelphia Bar Association, of which he was president, and of children. Their descendants have not been largely identified with Philadelphia, through influential people wherever they have gone.

One of their grandsons, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Penrose parish, Lewistown, was for many years a member of the Philadelphia Bar Association, living in the South, finally in Louisiana, where he was president of Barrow Lewis's Berkeley Parish Natural Gas Company, and died in Philadelphia, in 1908, at the home of the latter in the Wife of Mrs. John S. Jenks, Woodbury, N.

Mrs. Lewis, Jr., the third of the adult sons of Mr. Lewis, born February 14, 1814, was the only other members of the Lewis family, extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits. As head of the firm of M. & E. N. Lewis—Mr. Nathan Lewis being a partner—he was a member of the Philadelphia Exchange for many years. In 1848, however, he withdrew from the firm and took up the business of Joseph Sloan, Jr., and was a member of the firm of Sloan & Lewis, were engaged in that and business from six years throughout their lives. They occupied their place in the Exchange, and were prominent in the affairs of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, in the Sloan and Lombard streets. After the change of family years, he removed to the old family mansion, Lewis, in the upper part of Philadelphia. This was in 1848. Of the original members of this old firm, a writer has said:

"They were old-fashioned merchants, men of the purest character, most unassuming manners and signal integrity."

Mordecai Lewis, Jr., Sloan, formerly engaged in business, was not beneficial of public interests or of the Philadelphia Exchange, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, of the Philadelphia Dispensary, and 1813-14, serving as a member of Select Council from 1811 to 1814, was one of the founders and the president of the society for opening sleighways for the poor, etc. Mr. Lewis married Miss Sarah Sloan, daughter of James and Sidney Sloan, the daughter of the eminent statesman, James Madison, and Dolley Madison, the wife of James Madison, who was a contemporary of the Lewis family, and died April 15, 1844, seven years before the death of her husband. Their children were Sidney Sloan, Mordecai Lewis, James Sloan, Sarah Madison, Charles Sloan, Alexander, Esther, Mary, Sidney Sloan married Mordecai Lewis, 3d, and died in infancy. The other daughters married and left issue.

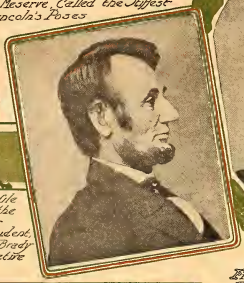
Mr. Lewis, 3d, the son, James Sloan Lewis, married Miss Sarah Madison Lewis, daughter of Mordecai Lewis, the only son who married, being Mordecai Lewis, 4th, and Charles Clymer Lewis, who married Miss Esther Lewis, daughter of Mordecai Lewis, Jr., and Sarah Sloan Lewis, and left issue, Mordecai Lewis, Martin S. Lewis, Daughter of Samuel Morris, Lewis, Esther Lewis, Sarah Lewis, Mary Lewis, Sidney Sloan Lewis, Sarah Madison Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mrs. Sidney Sloan Lewis, Mrs. Sarah Madison Lewis, Mrs. Mordecai Lewis, Mrs. Mary Lewis, Mrs. Esther Lewis, Mrs. Sarah Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mrs. Sidney Sloan Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mordecai Lewis, Mordecai

LINCOLN'S FACE PICTURED AND PAINTED

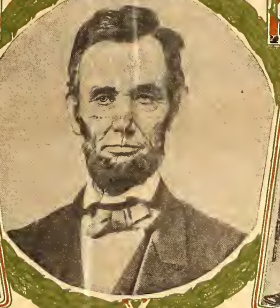
From a Brady Negative owned by F. H. Meserve, Called the Stiffest of Lincoln's Poses

This is Said to Have Been His Last Pose for the Camera

Said To Have Been Taken on the Sunday Before His Famous Gettysburg Address One of His Easiest Poses

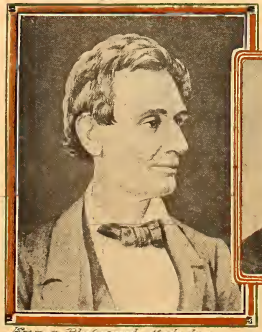


Profile of the War President from a Brady Negative

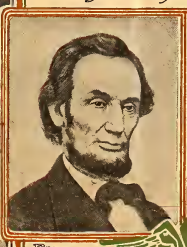


From a Photograph Made March 9 1864 Published in 1866 (From the Lambert Collection.) Considered by His Friends one of His Most Striking and Faithful Portraits

A Photograph that is not Familiar to the Public

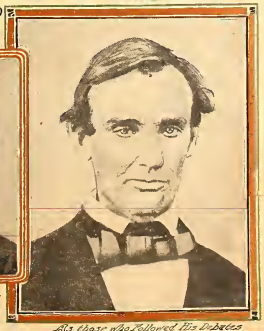


From a Photograph Made by Hesler, Chicago, in 1860



From the Portrait by William Marshall

One of Lincoln's Earliest Pictures, Taken in Springfield During the Campaign of 1858 Found Superimposed in the Desk Because of the Disordered Condition of the Nor From Collection of Mr. Lambert of Philadelphia



As Those Who Followed His Debates with Douglas Saw Him. From an Engraving Made by C. Jacobus Philadelphia October 1858